

BLACKEST HEART

**THE MOST DANGEROUS
MAGAZINE IN THE
WORLD!**

ISSUE #2 \$6.00



**HORROR
GORE
SLEAZE
SEXPLOITATION
XXX - ADULTS
ONLY!**

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DISCLAIMER

This magazine contains works of satire and black humor. All personal attacks are intended as jokes and the content should be considered as such.

Any references to bizarre sexual practices or personal deficiencies of any kind are also jokes. Keep this in mind when reading this magazine.

This magazine is for **ADULTS** only! No one under the age of 18 is to view this magazine under any circumstances.

BLACKEST HEART INFO

BLACKEST HEART is published whenever we're sober enough to crank out an issue. This is a non-profit endeavor--all proceeds go to beer, pizza, and classy 'ho's.

Each issue of **BLACKEST HEART** is \$6
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Shawn Smith

**3817 San Pablo Dam Rd., Ste. 614
El Sobrante, CA 94803**

Contact us at the above address for ad rates.

Send all submissions to the above address. Since this is non-profit, you won't get any money, but we'll send you a free issue and you'll be part of **THE MOST DANGEROUS MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD!**

Next issue: Blackest Heart's Bitch-of-the-Month! Send us nude pictures of loved ones. Tits are great, but the more pink, the better your chances are of winning the \$100 prize! (Females only, we ain't no homo's! Over 18 only!)

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ASS FUCKING AND OTHER CONCERNS

A common comment about **BLACKEST HEART #1** was: "What's this anal fixation?" **SCREW** magazine said that we resorted to claiming all our enemies are homosexuals. **Chas. Balun** wanted to know why everyone had something happen to their ass. So what gives? I don't know. There was no intentional concentration on the human sphincter; it just ended up that way.

But we always listen to the response we get, so I promise you that this *anal fixation* was addressed in planning the second issue of **BLACKEST HEART**. Not only that, but I guarantee you that no one gets fucked up the ass, anally probed by a blunt object, or rectally mutilated on these pages!

Back to business: I was taking a dump in this chick's mouth when **Shawn Smith** called me about gearing up for **BLACKEST HEART #2**. I finished my squat, had her lick my asshole clean, and sat down to brainstorm. We were generally pleased with the first issue and the response was wonderful. (In the future, please be more specific so we know what you guys like. Most of the letters read, "I loved it!") With this in mind, we didn't set about to change anything; we decided to make everything better!

Incidentally, I hate it when people use exclamation points as I just did. It sounds like some motivational tool to get you to read the mag or some sad attempt at boosting my own ego. But I'll leave it there because I'm a sarcastic son of a bitch and it fits.

So, this issue has more: *Dark Images*, *Famous Fuckheads*, and *Editorials* by myself along with a focus on **Sam Raimi**. **Big Al** is back and drunker than ever. **Ken Kish** returns with *Don't Step in the Wet Spot #2: Reel Men Fuck with Their Panus On*. **Kiel Alexander** continues his literary journey to hell with

Favorite Son and Retribution. And we have more on *Asian films* with **Damon Foster**, **Shawn Smith** doing whatever the fuck he wants, **Bob O'Brien** interviewing **Jim Van Bebber**, **Tom Simmons** reviewing movies and comics, and **Rastaman** checking out the porno scene. Plus lots of more crude, degrading, and nasty shit! (There's that damn exclamation point again! Shit, I can't get away from it.)

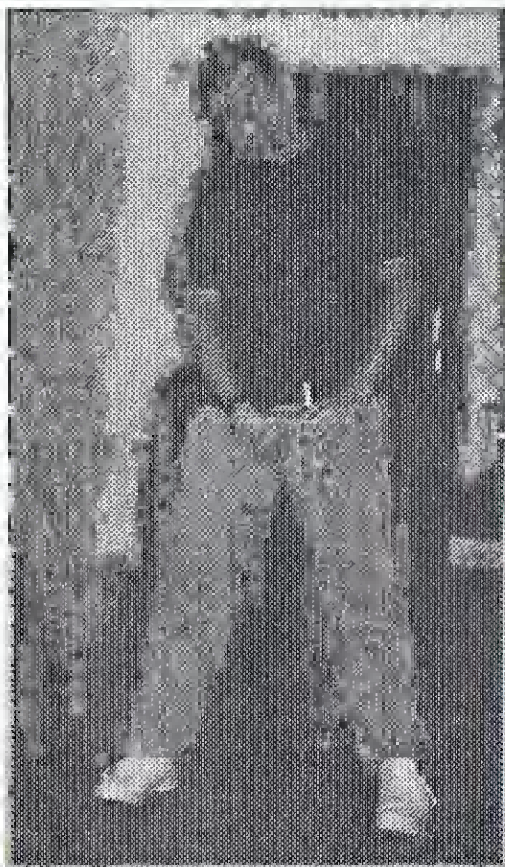
If you are new to **BLACKEST HEART**, buy the first issue and a word of warning: this magazine is cruel, angry, and hateful. Read at your own leisure and risk. If you don't like it, fine, you have a right to your own opinion, and since it's your own opinion keep it to yourself. We don't mind receiving constructive criticism or hate mail, but if you don't like this type of thing (violence, dirty sex, and death) don't bother reading **BLACKEST HEART**. It will only upset you, and if you get angry enough to write us a letter, you'll upset us. And who wins then? The post office gets your 29¢, and we are forced to degrade and ridicule you in **ISSUE #3**.

But hey, it's a free country, and that's what this is all about. If you absolutely can't stand this magazine, you have every right to let us know. And we have every right to continue writing it because there are people out there who enjoy it and want to read it in the privacy of their own homes.

Whatever your decision is, I hope you enjoy this because it is a lot of work. We'll keep on doing it because it's a wonderful outlet for our inner rage at our own inadequacies. In the future, look for more of the same with a few new writers joining the scene, one of whom even scares me.

Sexin' the tenders,
Timothy Patrick

THE GUYS WHO THROW THIS FUCKIN' THING TOGETHER



TIMOTHY PATRICK

I've been writing fiction for about four years, but that isn't my dream job. No, I want to appear on *Showtime at the Apollo* as a white comedian. My opening joke would be: *All I see is eyes and teeth*. I wonder if they'd laugh?

Seriously, I hope to have my novel, **FAMILY KILLERS**, published in the near future. I suspect that my writing may be too intense for most publishers, so I might do it myself and sell it through the mail. We'll see (let me know if you'd be interested in purchasing a copy--it's about 220 8-1/2" x 11" pages).



SHAWN SMITH

I'm sick and tired of bullshit, pussy, horror mags! I've had my own underground videotape business for the last six years, and I've seen a lot of shitty mags. My customers always complained that there were no magazines with balls. So a few years ago I started **Gore Connection**.

Gore Connection had the right intentions, but we didn't have the money or the help to make it a great mag. Once we started pimpin' 'ho's and saving our money, we could finally afford to make **BLACKEST HEART!**

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Letters to the editor

Dear BH,

I enjoyed issue #1 of **BLACKEST HEART**. It is the most disgusting magazine in the world and, except for your candy assed opinions of others, I enjoyed it.

F.E. McKenzie, Jr., Grand Junction, CO

When we got this letter, we had to look up candy assed, but it wasn't in the dictionary. Then we figured it out. Candy assed is what F.E.'s daddy calls it when he jizzes up his ass. "I candied Junior's butt last night."

Dear BH,

BLACKEST HEART is the funniest fucking 'zine I've ever read! Look for a plug in **GORE GAZETTE** #109 (and not a "butt plug," either).

Rick Sullivan, Clifton, NJ

What is this anal thing? I don't get it; we write a few stories about anal probes, slander a few people, and all of a sudden we're anal fiends. Of course, we do have a list of women who need it up the shitter (without lubrication), but that's another story.

[In case you didn't know, Rick Sullivan has the oldest fanzine around. The extremely cool **GORE GAZETTE** is \$1 per issue. Write to: Rick Sullivan, 469 Hazel St., Clifton, NJ, 07011.]

Dear BH,

Your magazine is disgusting, filthy and will only appeal to low life perverts, I loved it!

By the way, I am almost 50 years old, and have been a total degenerate since I was 12.

Nothing but nothing offends me except censorship. You are in fact lucky where you

live, we can't see *anything* here. Sex together with violence is right out, humiliation, bondage, rape, not allowed. It is also illegal to have a female over 18 in a movie dressed to look like a girl under 18!!!

Do you realize just how totally frustrating this is? The number of videos, magazines, drawings, etc. that customs have stolen from me over the years is a very large number indeed. I am also one of the few people ever to appeal a custom's decision. I went right into their dirty little office (next time I will be armed). It is said that a gay can spot another gay just by the way they look. Well, I can spot a pervert the same way and that office was full of them. They even crawled out in ones and twos to look at me, bastards.

Bill Baylis, Manitoba, Canada

Don't worry about customs, we'll take care of them. That's right, Helter Skelter! No one will be watching us!

Dear BH,

I was looking at the latest **FANGORIA** one night thinking the same ol' shit again. Although I did enjoy it, I was getting hungry for something new. That's when I saw your ad in the classifieds. I practically came in my pants. I saw something that would really reflect my wicked personality. I decided to gamble \$5 bucks. Your magazine finally came. Your magazine is beyond divine. I read it cover to cover a good five times. I decided I had to write when a horrible thought came to mind. How will I know when **BLACKEST HEART** #2 comes out? What if I miss it? That's pretty much the idea of my letter. I really encourage

you to advertise your next issue in FANGORIA so I don't miss it.

Matt Cordano, Oakedale, CA

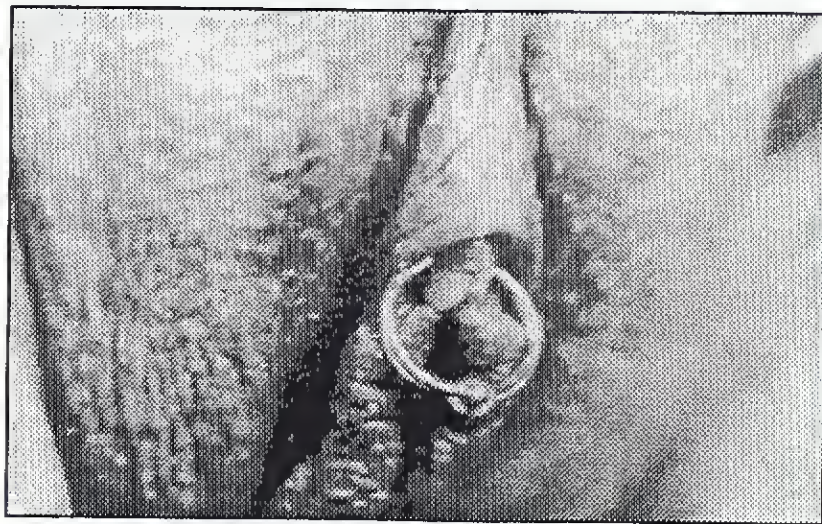
Yeah, we advertised in FAGBUTT, but they censored our ad. They decided that we couldn't use the words "sex" and "perversion" anymore. What a great fucking mag! Don't bother looking to them for inspiration or anything because they're a bunch of sellouts.

Dear BH,

I really liked your mag, **BLACKEST HEART**, it was fuckin' cool! I liked *all* the articles, especially the *Sleazy Nun Movies* segment and the photo of the chick pissin' out her cunt! Keep up the fuckin' good work!

Shawn Johns, Phoenix, AZ

We think you'll like this too:



'I hate the way it scratches my nose...'

Hey BH,

Fuckin' A on "Fuck the MPAA!" Finally somebody with the gonads to write the truth! I thought I was the only one in the "free" fuckin' country who was as pissed off about the blatant censorship we horror fans have to put up with as I was!

As for your reaming of Threat Theatre Video, right the fuck on! I myself have been rectally violated by these jerkoffs (I ordered a shitty copy of **ZOMBIE 3**, so you could say I was shlonked on both ends), and I want to say thanks for stickin' it to 'em and don't let up! These guys are worse than child molesters!

As for the Zine in general you guys make **FANGO** read like **HIGHLIGHTS!** **KEEP UP THE GREAT WORK AND DON'T EVER SELL OUT!**

David Hutchins, Jeffersonville, IN

We would never sell out because no one has the fucking guts to try and buy us!

*If you want to tell us something, write a fucking letter, and we'll probably print it! We don't censor anything and we like to print as many letters as possible. All you have to do is write and you'll be part of the sickness and perversion we call **BLACKEST HEART**.*

Send all letters to:
BLACKEST HEART Magazine
3817 San Pablo Dam Rd., Ste. 614
El Sobrante, CA 94803

RAIMI: HE'LL SWALLOW YOUR SOUL

BY: TIMOTHY PATRICK

Give a nineteen-year-old and his friends \$90,000 and what will happen? They'll make **THE EVIL DEAD** (1982). That's what Sam Raimi did a little over ten years ago. He grew up in the Midwest with friends such as Bruce Campbell, making short movies whenever they got the chance. They often showed these at high school for the limited exposure and to show off their work. From this beginning, few would guess how successful Raimi would turn out to be.

At the age of nineteen, Raimi and friends dropped out of school and tried to scrape up enough money to make **THE EVIL DEAD**. With a promotional short titled **WITHIN THE WOODS**, the group traveled around trying to get money from anyone who would watch their short. Without any luck interesting merchants, Raimi turned to dentists and other businessmen and finally raised the money to start filming.

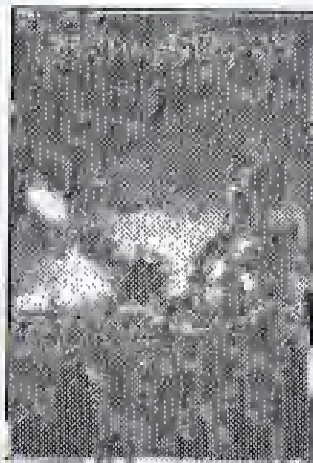
It was difficult for a first-time director to make everything work and he was extremely limited by his budget, but Raimi ended up with a cult classic. Upon completion of filming, Raimi visited every distributor he could find, looking for support, but none of them were interested in the movie. This left him no choice but to go overseas where the film became a hit in Britain and finally made its way back here. When it came back to the US, **THE EVIL DEAD** developed a loyal following and Raimi was considered a hot, new talent.

The mixture of comedy and horror was new to many viewers who were used to the pathetic slasher epics of the late seventies. With an underground feel and melodramatic humor, **THE EVIL DEAD** was original and embraced by the horror public. In fact, the movie was

acclaimed by Stephen King and film critics, all except for one scene. The infamous tree-rape scene was considered offensive by many and almost got the movie banned. Disgustingly, Raimi claimed to be sorry for the scene, saying it was too graphic. If he had to make the movie over, the scene would not be there.

This is really too bad. I hated to think that **THE EVIL DEAD** was the only movie Raimi would make that pushed the edge. But he did express regret at including the scene, something that boggles my mind. When making a film about evil creatures from another time, there is no reason to make them nice, and certainly no reason to criticize a shocking scene merely because it made a few people squeamish.

Raimi did just that, and perhaps this endeared him further to the big studios. Now he was not only a hot, young prospect, but also someone would could be convinced of what was best by the studio execs. Unfortunately, this quality resulted in Empire picture's **CRIMEWAVES (THE XYZ MURDERS, 1985)**. This film, which Raimi doesn't even like, is truly pathetic. The story is uninteresting and hard to follow because the film mixes so many elements. Slapstick, horror, action, romance--



'Give me some pussy, baby!'

they're all present in this jumbled mess. There are parts where each aspect succeeds, but the mixture cannot sustain itself through an entire movie.

Raimi claims **CRIMEWAVES** was destroyed by Empire pictures. They replaced his actors, musician, and edited the script at their whim. (I can't believe that Raimi would give up the opportunity to kill Louise Lasser.) This is probably true, but as a young director with nothing more than an independent film under his belt, Raimi could expect nothing more. Perhaps his desperation at getting funding for **THE EVIL DEAD** and then distributing it lead him into a bad situation, one where he could be taken advantage of and his film could be molded by the studio. It was a tough thing for Raimi to handle, but in retrospect he realizes the film could never have been good because it tried to do too many things and ended up doing nothing more than disappointing.

After this disappointment, Raimi felt the need to get back on top. The best, and easiest, way for him to do this was by making the sequel to **THE EVIL DEAD**. He collaborated with old friend Scott Spiegel on the script and wrapped production in 1987. **EVIL DEAD II: DEAD BY DAWN** showed that Raimi could succeed when mixing film elements (horror and comedy) provided the scope was limited enough. This film differs from the first and **CRIMEWAVES** in its focus. While **THE EVIL DEAD** had comedy elements, it leaned to the horror side of film, and **CRIMEWAVES** didn't focus on anything. But **EVIL DEAD II** was clearly a slapstick horror, molding both features to fit the story.

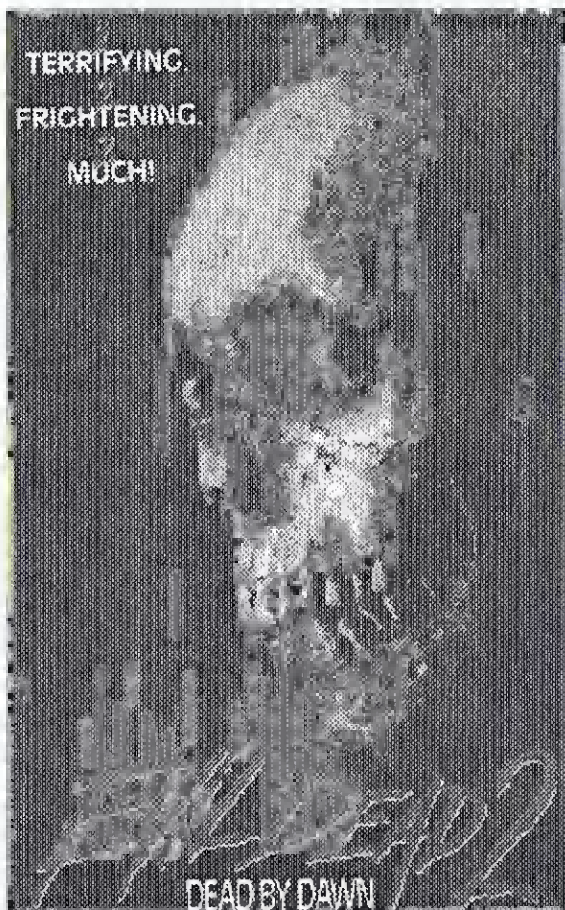
Ash returned as the inept hero, trying to get out of the deserted cabin with little more than his "wits" and a shotgun. While the basic plot is similar to **THE EVIL DEAD**, Raimi now had \$4 million of Dino DeLaurentis' money to work with. He used this to improve the cast and effects. Instead of using no-names from local

theater groups and homemade effects, Raimi hired all professional for **EVIL DEAD II**. The difference clearly shows in the scenes featuring monster effects where you can actually see what's happening. Raimi no longer had to rely on clever camerawork to hide the cost of his effects.

The audience noticed the difference too, flocking to the unrated movie that boasted both extreme gore and slapstick comedy. **EVIL DEAD II** was a respectable hit both in the US and overseas. Once again, Raimi was hot and the big studios beckoned.

With the success of **EVIL DEAD II**, Raimi was finally able to make a big studio release that wasn't destined to flop. **DARKMAN** (1989), a revenge fantasy, featured Liam Neeson as the avenger and was clearly a Raimi feature. There were some of his slapstick lines, but his influence was most clearly scene in the camerawork. Audiences were amazed by the point-of-view action that Raimi has always used. This interest made **DARKMAN**, with its \$9 million budget, the number one movie the week it came out. The film didn't stay at the top very long because of poor advertising--it was not billed as a Sam Raimi film. While the crowds liked the camerawork, it wasn't the mindless action flick the ads promised. Despite this, the film did turn a profit and solidified Raimi's position as a player with the major studios.

And, as expected, Raimi used this influence to return for the third installment in the **EVIL DEAD** series, **ARMY OF DARKNESS** (1993). Set in the medieval times Ash found himself stranded in at the end of **EVIL DEAD II**, this picture suffered similar studio interference as **CRIMEWAVES**, but it was certainly a better effort. Since the character of Ash is firmly established and Raimi is more savvy at dealing with the studios, their intrusion didn't destroy the movie. They certainly tried, attempting to release **ARMY** as a PG-13 fuckfest, but Raimi



held firm and the film was released as an R-rated feature.

The cuts that ended up chopping *ARMY OF DARKNESS* did change the story slightly, but they didn't completely change the movie. The studio insisted that the scene involving the midget-Ashes be cut significantly because they thought it was too silly. They also changed the ending so Ash ended up back in his own time, working at S-Mart. Some of the evil dead followed him and he fought one. In the original, Ash oversleeps and ends up stuck in a post-apocalyptic future. All in all, these cuts are more annoying than distressing. It would be nice if they let Raimi make *his* movie, but at

least the studio didn't rape it like they have so many others.

Censorship aside, *ARMY* is interesting to look at. Centering on a battle between the ancient civilization and the evil dead, the movie details Ash's struggles to find the *Necronomicon* (by the mad Arab Alhazred) so he can destroy the evil dead and find his way back to our time. This story left ample opportunity for inventive horror, but Raimi relied more on comedy, and I think it shows clearly that Raimi will never again make anything remotely like *THE EVIL DEAD*. That film turned him into a horror hit, but he hasn't followed up on that at all. Each successive film has leaned more to slapstick, which isn't surprising considering Raimi calls The Three Stooges a big influence on him. But this does mean something for horror fans: *ARMY* was predominately a slapstick film, with elements of horror. Raimi's future movies will probably be similar.

This isn't to say that *ARMY* is worthless, but it's different from *THE EVIL DEAD* and even *DEAD BY DAWN*. Raimi has steadily moved from true horror to horror-comedy (and now to comedy-horror). I think his movies, including *ARMY*, succeed at what they attempt, but horror fans may be disappointed at what Raimi offers in the future. I believe he will move steadily into the mainstream and leave the horror genre behind. This may be what he wanted to do all along because he loves Steven Spielberg (I think I'm going to be sick) and saw horror films as the easiest way to get into filmmaking.

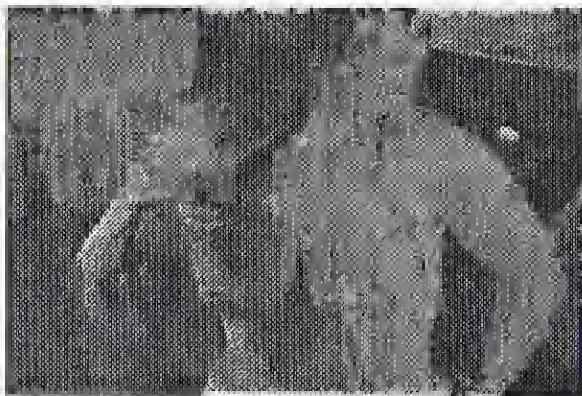
So don't be surprised if Raimi's next feature is a box office smash and offers little to the fans of *THE EVIL DEAD*. There is a chance he won't do it, but with mega-success around the corner, it's hard to believe that Raimi would go back to the underground world of the horror genre and leave the bright lights and big money of Hollywood behind.

DON'T STEP IN THE WET SPOT #2: REEL MEN FUCK WITH THEIR PANTS ON

BY: KEN KISH

The only person in the world I've found that will watch as many low-grade sleaze films as myself is my "brother" Scott. When we're not kicking back on my couch with a bottle of (the world's greatest bourbon) Old Crow between us, feasting our eyes on endless hours of degradation, sexual enslavement, depravity, drug use, chunky 60's women, breasts, or the occasional nice looking babe in really big 50's and 60's style panties (thank the powers that he for the "thong"!) then Scott is borrowing them and watching this "filth" at his house while I sit and watch 'em solo myself.

On Wednesday night, like always, there we were. The Crow going down quick, plenty of cold PBR's to put out the fire and my wife Pam poking fun at us as we overly enjoyed the few lesbian scenes in Jess Franco's **CAPTIVE WOMEN** (a.k.a. **NAKED SUPER WITCHIES OF THE RIO AMORE**). It's odd, my wife. She puts up with a lot (she has to, married to me) and I love her dearly, but she has this certain distaste for lesbians. Never understood it myself. I really like lesbians. It's fuckin' butt-boys that repulse me! To find love in another man's hairy ass is truly disgusting! I'd rather fuck ugly women over waking up next to some bearded brown-eye bandit named Ed!



***CAPTIVE WOMEN: If I had to fuck her,
I'd leave my pants on too!***

Thank the Pagan Gods for Jess Franco too.

CAPTIVE WOMEN is a story about some hitch who runs an expensive, high-class whorehouse and doesn't take any shit from her sluts. The story begins with one of her girls, deserving punishment, being beaten in front of the clientele as a sort of spectator sport. Then this big ape, who must be more

man than anyone I personally know, fiercely fucks her by only unzipping his zipper! Yow, it's got to take a real man to screw through his zipper hole! Can you imagine ripping your dick raw on the sides of an open zipper as you attempt to find pleasure in intercourse? Hey, what if you were wearing loose fitting pants and one of your nuts came flopping out the hole too? It just might look like **THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE** happened and you were the main course. It's almost as spooky as getting a blow job by a woman with braces. Really. Now where was I? Oh yeah, **CAPTIVE WOMEN**.

Remember the bitch that runs the whorehouse? Seems she has a thing for kidnapping young girls and using drugs and torture to turn them into willing little horses, and she decides to kidnap a tender young thing that's in love with the same guy she is.

Meanwhile, the kidnapped chick's sister is running around looking for her too and she falls in love with this dick-wad local, they have sex the normal way, without pants and the guy the kidnapped broad loves saves her after almost being bitten by scorpions and the two sisters finally meet for the happy ending. You could do worse than this pup, really.

Next up on our sleazy Wednesday night was **A SWEET SICKNESS**, a 1965 black-and-white exploitation job about the steamy side of Hollywood and the girls who get used and abused on their hopeful climb to stardom. The film begins with a couple of roommates, both are aspiring actresses and one of them, Connie, has slept her way into a couple of film roles and is planning to split on location for a week or so. She explains as she heads out the door that if "Miss Shy," Dee, weren't so frigid and opened her legs to a couple of low-life producers maybe she would get some films too. No sooner does Connie split, leaving Dee to ponder sleaze-bag sex when the balding landlord sort of strolls in and rapes her. This is no ordinary rape mind you because the guy keeps his robe and his pants on!

OKAY, about this time my brother and I start to howl with laughter at but yet another "real man" who's able to fuck through his pants. This guy must be a superman too, because he doesn't even bother to unzip his fly! No sir-ee, his dick must have just come a poppin' through his drawers like a sailor at sea for six months because he just sorta goes at it for awhile and gets up and splits without saying a word.

Dee gets a job for a night at a strip club and gets bitched out because she won't sleep with a drunk who paid \$150 for her panties, and the next day gets molested by a real estate guy showing her an apartment.

Must have been enough too, because it's not more than a day or so later she calls up her agent and agrees to the ol' "in/out" in exchange

for the address of a movie producer. Hell, how bad could it have been? Dave, Dee's agent doesn't even take off a stitch of clothing as they simulate sex and before you know it the film ends with Dee in the office of the high-and-mighty film producer about to take in a bedspring serenade in his enormous hide-away bed.

If you have never seen one of these old exploitation flicks then you sure are missing a real treat (or a horrible case of the "fuck this shit's") because you can tell that the producers and directors really thought they were making a good, enjoyable film. Naturally, they fell flat on their faces a lot of the time, but that's half the appeal.

As far as the trend in a lot of the early exploitation flicks where women can get naked and guys have to leave their pants on, I say, "so what." Hell, who wants to see naked guys anyway?

Long live the exploitation film!



Most, or all of the films mentioned here are available to rent through Video Wasteland. Tell them **BLACKEST HEART** sent ya!

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DARK IMAGES: JACKIN'

BY: TIMOTHY PATRICK

Bill was quiet and a little shy. There was only one thing that was sure to get him animated around people he didn't know well. Crime. Plain and simple. He was disgusted with living in the city and all the bullshit he had to put up with. He was sick of criminals going free and fucking up his town.

"Try to rob me, motherfuckers!"

Yeah, that's what it came down to for Bill. He wasn't a vigilante, but if any of those slum-livin' fucks tried to rob him, they'd have something comin' and he'd give it to them. Fuck yeah, he was sick of it because he knew someone would try to make him a victim, he could sense it. But no, he wouldn't be a victim, he'd turn the tables on those worthless pieces of shit.

"Yeah, just try it!" Bill grinned because he had weapons. Lots of them. He collected guns, even grenades and larger weapons. He certainly had the firepower to take those fuckers down, and if they ever decided to fuck with him, he'd break out the heavy artillery.

"Yo, Flight, watcha doin' later?"

Flight smiled, "Goin' jackin'!!! Gonna get some wheels and go rollin'!"

Flight laughed at the thought, nothin' better to do on a weekend than go jackin'. All the rich fucks came down from the burbs to do their downtown, weekend shit. And they had the best cars, and they were all pussies. Nothin' to worry about with them, they just run when he pulls on 'em. That's why they call him Flight--to motherfuckin' fast to stop. To motherfuckin' fast to catch!

"Watcha lookin' for? Las' week you passed on some dope wheels."

"Man, I don't need your shit. I see what I

want and take it from the motherfuckers. Teach them shits to come down to my 'hood."

"Das right. Burbs don't know shit about the 'hood!"

"Tell it, booooy!"

Bill didn't want to go to the office on a Saturday afternoon, but he had to get caught up. Always falling behind, and that wouldn't cut it with his boss. Shit. He hated going downtown five days a week enough, now on a Saturday. He tossed his briefcase on the passenger seat of his '92 Accord and listened to the heavy thud it made on the vinyl. "Nothin' wrong with a little protection."

He cruised along the streets, not really paying attention to what he called the "slum dwellers." It was a nice day, but he shut out everything outside his car and concentrated on getting to the office and finishing his work early. No need to get caught downtown at night, especially on a weekend night.

No, he didn't need this, it was already a shitty weekend. Bill, complained to himself and bickered about his foolish dedication to a dead-end job. This one-man fight took all his attention and Bill almost didn't stop at the red light. It's a good thing he did because there was a cop waiting at the other light. Close call, Bill looked around and spotted some of the "dwellers" hanging around a liquor store. He turned up his nose and looked away, barely catching the police car's movement from the corner of his eye. When he turned back to face the street, the police cruiser had vanished and Bill was all alone at the intersection.

The battle started up again as Bill castigated himself for being so dutiful and loyal. He was

awfully sick of this job. Just get it over with. He looked up, and the light was still red. "Come on. Come on. I want to get this over with." The light didn't change and now one of the dwellers decided to cross. "Great," Bill saw the other light turning yellow, but the dweller was in front of his car.

The light turned green, but the dweller was in his way, "Come on, out of the way," Bill mumbled this, but the dweller must have heard it, or sensed it, because he slowed down.

Then he stopped.

Bill looked at him and waited for him to move, "What the fuck?"

Then he turned and reached into his coat.

'He followed the noise with three rounds through the fucker's head.'

Bill saw the flash of steel immediately and froze. He thought about going for the gun he always carried in his briefcase, he thought about running the fucker over. He didn't do anything. The dweller walked to the side of the car and tapped the gun against the driver's-side window.

As he rolled it down, Bill heard someone yell from the corner, "Yeah, Flight's jackin'!"

"Open the door, motherfucker!"

Bill unlocked the door and started to get out, but Flight shoved him back in and motioned for him to slide into the passenger seat, "Don't leave yet, whitey, we ain't had any fun yet!"

Flight got in, all the while keeping the gun fixed on Bill's head and started driving. "Where you wanna go, whitey?"

Bill cringed, this was it. He knew his time was coming up, and this was it. Yeah, keep talkin' big, motherfucker. I'll get you. Yeah, keep talkin'.

"I said where you wanna go, WHITEY!"

Bill smiled, "I was on my way to work, asshole!"

Flight flinched, surprised at the balls Mr. Burb had, but he wasn't pleased. With a quick jab he slammed the butt of the gun into Burb's jaw. The groan of pain made him smile, "Don't be smart, whitey, I don't like it."

Bill rubbed his jaw and smiled back. No, you don't like it, well there's something I got that you won't like even more, fucker! Yeah, I'll play your fucking game as long as you want, but I'm gonna win. And you're gonna lose.

"Now, since you don't wanna be nice. I'll tell you where we're goin'. Down to my 'hood to see some friends." Flight looked over to Mr. Burb with a big smile, "Then I'm gonna kill ya and dump yo' ass in the estuary." For emphasis, Flight stuck the gun in Bill's face and cocked it, only to release the hammer and a series of laughs.

Bill laughed along, all to himself. Yeah, let's go to your neighborhood. I want to meet you friends. Then I'll give you a surprise. He smirked at the thought and moved his hand closer to his briefcase. Flight didn't see the subtle movement, and Bill soon had the case in hand.

Finally, Flight looked over, "Watcha got there, Burb?" His sarcastic smile faded instantly, "Open the fucking case and show me what you got in there!"

Bill smiled, sure, I'll open it. Now he was almost laughing. But no, it was still too early, wait. Yes, slowly. Slowly he opened the case. No sudden movements. Nothing to give away his secret. Wait until the last moment to spring it on the dweller. Ever so slowly, yes. Open the case.

It was open, but Flight couldn't see inside because the open side faced Bill. Now, he really smiled as Flight watched the road. His hand moved for the gun and had it in less than a second.

Keep driving, motherfucker. The game's ready. I got my surprise, you already had your turn. Yeah.

Bill started laughing and Flight turned to face him. In that instant, Bill pulled the gun and shoved it in Flight's face. The jacker wasn't ready and his gun wasn't even pointing at Bill. He was fucked.

"Drop your piece!"

Flight had to, so he let the gun fall to the seat, but he would get it back. Whitey didn't look like the shooting type, he'd want to talk.

Bill sensed his thoughts and shook his head. "I'm gonna kill you, asshole."

Flight snickered, but Bill didn't mind, he followed the noise with three rounds through the fucker's head. The back of his skull flew against the car windshield and cracked the glass, smearing blood and brains all over the interior.

Bill laughed while he grabbed the steering

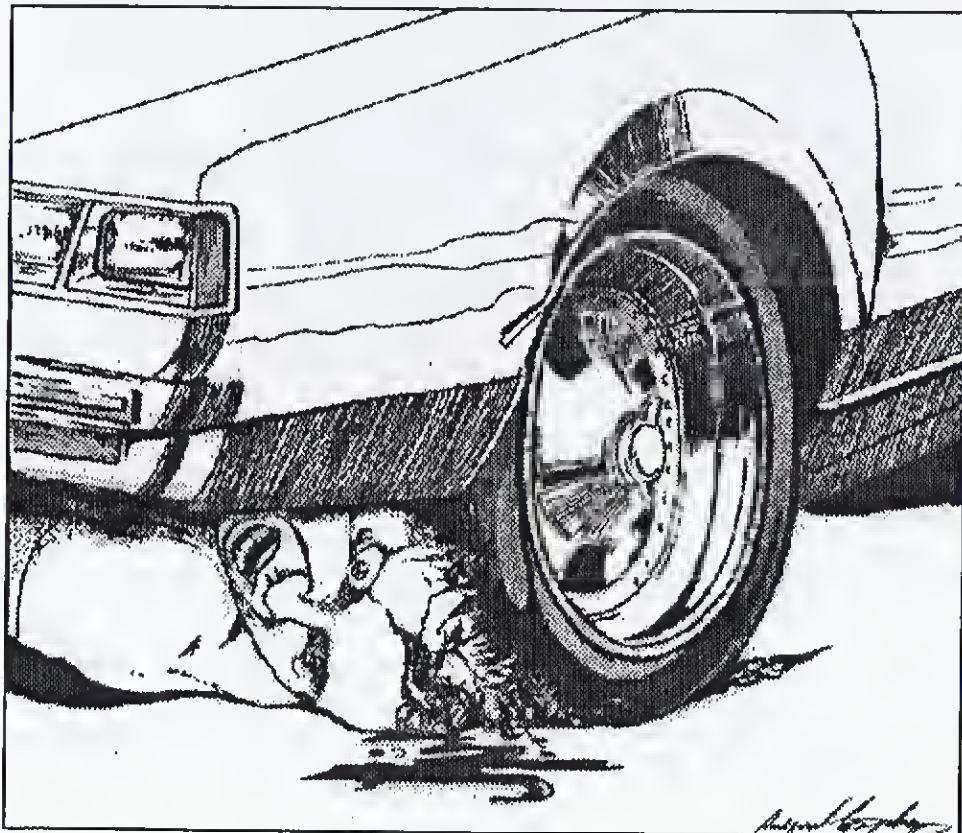
wheel and slammed his foot on the brake, "The game's not over, fuckhead."

No, the car skidded to a halt and he dragged the body to the passenger seat so he could rummage through his pockets. He got lucky, a driver's license. Bill read off the address and hopped in the driver's seat. "Harrison St. is real close to here. I can dump this trash and still make it to work."

Yeah, he drove to the fucker's house and shook his head at the shitty shape the neighborhood was in. The houses were small, but they could still keep them up. No--let the whole fucking city go to hell. Bill got angrier at their civic neglect and drove his car up onto Flight's half-dead lawn. He reached over and opened the passenger door and with both feet

kicked the corpse onto the lawn.

After grabbing the door, he smiled to himself. Not bad, just a few things left to do. He honked the horn loud and long until he saw someone open the door. As Flight's wife stood on the porch, Bill rolled the car forward until he felt the tires rest on Flight's head. He gave the horn a final



toot before doing a brake stand and peeling out all over the dead jacker. What was left of Flight's head sprayed back in a vicious stream that covered the lawn.

The police were unable to find the man who killed Franklin Johnson, a.k.a. Flight, but they didn't look too hard. Flight was a known felon, but they had trouble making any of the charges stick. The police could care less about his death, only his widow cared.

Bill loaded up the trunk of his car for the big day. This would be so much fun. Payback time. Yeah, the long steel tube barely fit, but it managed. And there was still enough room for the gunpowder. Couldn't forget that. Too important.

He closed the trunk and smiled, a great day.

The funeral party stood around the gravesite waiting for the arrival of the body. Flight's widow wept alongside the hole, but there were few others around to witness the ceremony. No, she waited alone for her husband's body to arrive.

Bill looked up the hill to where the Mrs. cried and snickered, "I'll brighten your day, sunshine." He shoved the hearse driver's body out of the way and pried open the casket. The stench of the mortician's work didn't phase him at all, for he had more important things on his mind. He had to finish the game. He had to finish the jackin'.

With no little precision, Bill grabbed an ax from his trunk and hacked off pieces of Flight's corpse. When he had a nice pile of manageable bits, he dropped the ax and walked over to where his pride and joy sat. A cannon. Nice WWI collector's item, and it worked. It wasn't supposed to, but Bill was a crafty guy and he fixed it up.

Yep, it worked all right. Bill loaded a half dozen large chunks of corpse into the cannon,

and couldn't help but whistle to himself. What a day. He lit the fuse and covered his ears. The blast was still loud, but gratifying. The chunks exploded from the muzzle and arched high over the cemetery, sailing, sailing. Then boom!, right on top of Mrs. Jacker. Perfect hit!

Bill giggled, this was great. The blast made her look right into the falling meat and it caught her in the face. Yes! Ha! HA! He did a quick dance before loading up for the next volley. The Widow was already ducking for cover, but Bill didn't take long. He had Flight's spine down the muzzle and was able to fire before she got out of range. He watched with satisfaction while the life stem flew through the air and seemed to pause over the widow and hover. Then, it fell. It came speeding down on her before she could scream and split through her chest, staking her to the ground. Nice shot!

Bill ran up the hill to the gravesite to get a better look. He ignored the few mourners and the preacher who were already fleeing for their lives. They all ran from him anyway and he was left alone with Mrs. Jacker. He walked up and slid his gun from the waistband of his pants. He shoved it into her face and smiled, "Give me your fucking car, bitch!" He laughed.

She remained lifeless, impaled by her husband's spine, and Bill quit playing around. He wrenched the spine from the ground and hefted Mrs. Widow onto his back. She didn't weigh too much and he was able to trot back down to the hearse. He tossed her into the back and quickly began shoveling the remaining pieces of Flight in with her.

He finished just as the sound of sirens cresting the distant hill met his ears. Bill jumped into the hearse and dropped it into gear, smashing the casket as he drove through it. After looking in the rearview mirror to see that he wasn't being followed, Bill smiled over his shoulder at the corpses, "You've been JACKED!"

MAN BEHIND THE SUN 2: LABORATORY OF THE DEVIL

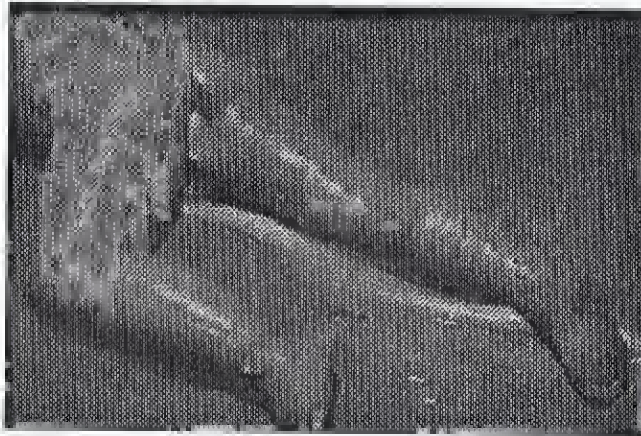
BY: SCOTT GRANTHAM

In 1988, while most of us were watching (for the umpteenth time) eight-generation bootleg copies of our favorite films from the Nazi-Atrocities sub-genre, a Chinese director (pseudonymously?) named T.F. Mous was concocting a celluloid nightmare that would make Edmond's *ILSA, SHE WOLF OF THE SS* and Pasolini's *SALO, 120 DAYS OF SODOM* look like *CURLY SUE* and *HOME ALONE*. The film was called *MAN BEHIND THE SUN (MANCHU 731 SQUADRON)*, and it forced us to question not only ourselves, for watching and enjoying such sadism, but also our favorite filmmakers, for so shamelessly exploiting true events from our past.

The 731 Squadron existed as surely as did Hitler's concentration camps and Mussolini's fascist regime in the republic of Salo, Italy, but Edmond's hypocritical *ILSA*, while purporting to be a sincere condemnation of the Holocaust, was little more than masturbatory fantasy masked as social commentary; and Pasolini's *SALO*, while remarkably faithful to its source, was so artistically crystalline as to inspire only detachment and disgust. Director Mous, however, had no pretense regarding social

commentary or art. *MAN BEHIND THE SUN* was shot without art or artifice and the results were closer to Deodato's classic, *CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST*, its "mock-umentary" roots firmly planted in the same fertile exploitative soil.

The shit's getting pretty deep here, eh? Okay, let's get to the heart of the matter: *MAN*



'Does anybody have any toilet paper?'

BEHIND THE SUN was, for most of us, the sickest, goriest, most fucking realistic flick to come down the turnpike in quite some time. If you're like me, your bowels tightened as you watched a man in a decompression chamber blow his intestines out of his asshole; you gaped in amazement when

a young boy was placed naked on a table and sliced open from stemum to groin, his internal organs removed for analysis. Atrocity followed atrocity, as the Chinese prisoners of World War 2 were subjected to freezing experiments and germ warfare. The setting of the film was a frozen wasteland as cold and uncaring as the prisoners' Japanese torturers. Add to this an incredible scene in which a cat is fed to thousands of hungry rats (a scene I'm still not sure was simulated), and you've got an instant gore classic, right?

Well, for those of you who care, there's now a sequel, the appropriately titled **MAN BEHIND THE SUN 2** (which at times seems to be, like Raimi's **EVIL DEAD 2**, a more ambitious, more palatable remake) dishes out the requisite tortures with a heaping side-order of melodrama. Gone from the plate altogether is the cold, sterile landscape that served so effectively as metaphor in the first film.

The plot? A sadistic woman and a group of men (ex-soldiers who once belonged to the 731 Squadron) convene in modern China to discuss the revitalization of germ warfare experiments with the goal of selling these viruses to the US in order to supplement dwindling iron sales. One of the men, Shikawa, a Charlie Chaplin wanna-be replete with mustache, black coat, and derby, refuses. To dissuade the squadron he tells them the tragic love story of Taro Handa and his fiancée, Eko, separated when Taro is recruited into the 731 Squadron as a soldier. Through Taro's eyes we witness atrocities almost identical to those in the first film, although the effects work here isn't quite as effective or plentiful. When Eko and her father are captured and accused of being traitors, they are sent to the camp and incarcerated with the "logs," Chinese prisoners who are guinea pigs used in the 731 Squadron's brutal experiments. When Taro discovers that Eko and her father are incarcerated, he revolts, setting the other prisoners free. In the ensuing battle, all are gunned down or decapitated by the 731 Squadron. Shikawa, tale concluded, leaves the assembly only to be gunned down by his comrades, who were not moved by his poignant love story.

You won't be, either. The script for **MAN BEHIND THE SUN 2** vacillates between two extremes: should it strive for the same sense of ruthlessness and inhumanity that the first film delineated so effectively, or should it strive to offer us a didactic love story? Unfortunately, it chooses the latter. The moralizing was kept to a

minimum in **MAN BEHIND THE SUN**, but here it's flaunted shamelessly. As a result, this sequel is more exploitational than its aim-for-the-balls predecessor.

Will **MAN BEHIND THE SUN 2** gross you out? Yes. But most of us have seen these atrocities in the first film, and we're left with a standard story wherein: Boy meets girl, boy loses girl, and boy and girl are reunited and killed. In such films as Tinto Brass' **SALON KITTY** and Cesare Canevari's **GESTAPO'S LAST ORGY** we've seen what happens when subversive cinema is wed to mainstream melodrama: neither side is strengthened, but both are weakened because they dilute each other. Such is the case here.

Still, **MAN BEHIND THE SUN 2** isn't **DRIVING MISS DAISY**, and if you've yet to discover the wonderful world of Asian ultragore, you'll definitely want to see this. Highlights include: an autopsy, heart surgery, a woman whose frozen arms are thawed and flayed, and a gory bayonet-disembowelment. Also featured are germ warfare experiments and lots of babies and body parts floating in jars. The production values are good and so are the performances. The direction is competent, despite the schizoid nature of the script. Generously letterboxed, **MAN BEHIND THE SUN 2** offers both Asian and English subtitles. The English, however, is poorly translated, and, although helpful, is as broken and mutilated as many of the victims in the film.

As disjointed as it is, **MAN BEHIND THE SUN 2** is still superior to most other sequels, prequels, and remakes we've seen, as well as the lame efforts that are endlessly surfacing in the strange world of underground video. Whether you attribute it to the romance or the gore, **MAN BEHIND THE SUN 2** will make youretch. See it.

JIM VAN BEBBER: SAVIOR OF THE LOW-BUDGET FILM?

INTERVIEWED JANUARY, 1993, BY ROBERT O'BRIEN

In October of '89 I was working in a clinical lab and during one of the seven of eight breaks I would allow myself each day I decided to kick back with my sparkling new copy of Chas.

Balun's Deep Red Horror Handbook.

This is where I first heard the name Jim Van Bebber. I remember getting that strange feeling of an insect-filled stomach as I read about his debut film **DEADBEAT AT DAWN** and wondered where I could acquire a copy (Immediately, cause I'm very impatient). It sounded as if there was actually a new filmmaker that had some guts. I had the highest of expectations from what I read.

It was last July before I got to view **DEADBEAT**...I was not disappointed. Van Bebber made a movie

that is raw in its views and filled with a live-wire intensity. I watched as he laid it down like it *IS*. This film had to have been made by a guy that lived it. It was like seeing the film's gangs from the inside out, a sort of NC-17-rated, after-

school special on teen violence.

In November I had the pleasure of seeing Jim at work. He is extremely professional whether in front of or behind the camera, and

not a stuffy Hollywood buffoon off the set, but a down to earth party animal. When I visited him at his studio/apartment I was treated with generous hospitality and the once in a lifetime experience of seeing uncut, rough footage from his soon-to-be-completed Manson film, **CHARLIE'S FAMILY**. If this grisly (and shockingly disturbing even without the benefit of editing and sound effects) preview is any indication of the power of this film, we are destined to see a great triumph in the low-budget movie world. There is something almost unbearable about the way the murders in both



*Jim Van Bebber as Goose in
DEADBEAT AT DAWN*

CHARLIE'S FAMILY and Van Bebber's new flick, **MY SWEET SATAN** are presented. They are so realistic as to make you squirm in your seat and yet at the same time rivet your eyes to the images.

Van Bebber was preparing for a trip to London where **MY SWEET SATAN** will premiere at the Scala Theatre during a film festival. He took some time out of his busy schedule to let **BLACKEST HEART**'s sick readers know what's what.

I called Jim at home and he was very cooperative about the interview, and he seemed to have forgiven me for recommending he see **UNDER SIEGE**.

BH: Let's briefly cover your beginnings for those readers who aren't familiar with your work (dolls the lot of 'em). You won a scholarship for a short you did while you were still in high school. What's the story behind that?

JVB: It was a short I made called **INTO THE BLACK**, with a synchronous rock soundtrack and a lot of karate [Van Bebber studied Kenpo Karate for a number of years]. It was sort of like the predecessor to **DEADBEAT**. And I got a scholarship to Wright State University from that.

BH: How long did it take you to complete **DEADBEAT** and where did you get the money to finance it?

JVB: It took three-and-a-half years. Since we didn't have a track record, nobody was really ready to fund this thing, so we wound up borrowing from people we knew, people they knew, and friends and strangers.

BH: You filmed promo reels for **ROADKILL**, **THE LAST DAYS OF JOHN MARTIN**, **CHARLIE'S FAMILY**, and **CHUNKBLOWER**. What is the status of these projects?

JVB: Well, the promo reel for **CHARLIE'S FAMILY** is made up of film from the movie. We got the film almost finished shooting. We've got two major scenes to shoot and all the post-production stuff. As far as **CHUNKBLOWER** and **ROADKILL**, they were purely trailers for feature films. **CHUNKBLOWER** was for Gary Blair Smith, a producer in Vancouver, Canada, from a

script he took up with Chas. Balun. And we shot that trailer in two days on 35-mm. Then the trailer for **ROADKILL** was shot in...February of '88, to show how frightening a script we could make.

BH: There *were* plans to complete it *if* you could raise the money?

JVB: Sure, sure. We tried, but the promo basically wound up freakin' people out.

BH: Understandably. Now, I've seen the kill footage from **CHARLIE'S FAMILY** and it's some of the most powerful footage I've ever seen. I didn't think I would ever be shocked by an on-screen death again. What made you decide to tell the Manson story, which has already been done?

JVB: Well, it hasn't been done right. If you look at the category of Manson-inspired films, the filmmaking is pretty weak. And they certainly don't deliver the heinousness of the crimes, which we tried to do. I think this film will shed some light on the actual killers: Watson, Atkins, Krenwinkel, Van Houten....

BH: You directed a video for the band **Skinny Puppy**'s *Spasmolytic*. How did that come about and do you plan to do any more music-related projects?

JVB: Actually, I'll probably be cutting together some sort of video out of the tour footage myself, Mike King, and John Gnann shot with **Skinny Puppy** last year. We had three cameras going on the *Last Rites Tour*. But *Spasmolytic* came about because I met the SP guys when I did **CHUNKBLOWER** [they were slated to lay the tracks]. And then after hooking up with them on tour, Ogre [SP's lead man] asked me if I wanted to do the video and I said sure.

BH: How does **MY SWEET SATAN** [which is based on the story of Ricky Kasso, a teenager that was involved in Satanism and selling drugs to other locals. One day, he and a friend went to the woods near their homes and stabbed to death another friend who owed him \$50 for mescaline

dots. They were tried, and Ricky killed himself in jail while his accomplice, Jimmy Tirano, is still alive.] figure into all this?

JVB: MY SWEET SATAN was conceived of as something to help us get the rest of the money for CHARLIE'S FAMILY--another portfolio piece that shows our skills in the years '92 and '93 and how we've evolved. It was appropriate...perfect material for a short. And I've always had a lot of interest in the case because the story of Ricky Kasso fascinated me when I read about it and it just seemed like perfect material for a really low-budget short. There weren't that many special effects. I felt it could be done really good with a lot of punch. We tried to update it. The original murder took place in 1984 and we gave it a grunge '92 feeling, set in Dayton. When we have the finished product, it will help us along in gaining the rest of the production money for CHARLIE'S FAMILY.

BH: The nipple piercing was a hard one to sit through. Did you convince Mike Moore [who plays the pivotal role of Gary] to get that done for the film?

JVB: No, actually he wanted it. He had already tried to pierce his nipple with a coat hanger, and we paid for the piercing with the provision that we could shoot it. By the way, that's the longest shot in the movie. I hope it doesn't drag.

BH: [I got to see a working print of SATAN and the last thing that crossed my mind was that *that scene drags!*] It was REALLY rough to sit through. For the role of Ricky [the self-proclaimed Acid King] you had to subject yourself to severe hair mutilation. How was it having to carry around the character with you twenty-four hours a day?

JVB: It kept me in character, which definitely made the jump to playing a twenty-two-year-old burnt out kid a lot easier. And I was happy to do it because it was the only way that guy should

look. So it had to be done. You know, it's just hair, it grows back. [After the filming was complete, Jim shaved his head so it could all grow back normal and was nearly attacked by fellow bus passengers who thought he was a skinhead.]

BH: How did you accomplish the stabbing effect on the Gary character? That was very convincing. When you were sitting on top of



Van Bebbler expresses his views on censorship.

him and we were seeing the overhead shot, was that just a retractable knife?

JVB: A retractable knife fitted with blood tubing and we cut back to it a couple of times where we added makeup for stab wounds on him. In the finished product it'll be a succession of images and it helps to have sound effects and good photography.

BH: Well, without the sound effects it looked pretty damn convincing to me [he breaks into laughter]. That and the stuff you did in CHARLIE'S FAMILY; the stabbings I saw were just incredible.

JVB: Same technique.

BH: At one time you did all your own makeup effects. Do you still delve into that area of filmmaking?

JVB: I handled everything, all the makeup effects on *SATAN*. So, as long as I'm working in low budget, I'm not going to hire somebody better than I am, which there are many. You know it's not important to me. It's not what I want to do. *SATAN* is one where I wore that hat for a bunch of reasons.

BH: All of your films deal with reality based situations, a kind of action/drama pull-no-punches formula. Are you going to make any straight-out horror movies that deal with supernatural occurrences?

JVB: Yeah, probably. Somewhere down the road. If things don't fall my way, I'd really like to make a real severe supernatural, haunted house film. Like *THE HAUNTING* with the intensity of *TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE*, something like that.

BH: That's something I'd pay to see. I found the story your girlfriend told me about you mixing the fake puke she had to spew in *SATAN* very amusing. [He refused to tell her what was in it until after she did the scene...you don't want to know.] Where do you get such understanding actors? Are they just friends of yours and people you know from school?

JVB: It depends on the character. If I know somebody who fits, I might use a friend. Most of the people come from Wright State. They're theater actors--kids there to learn, but who know what they're doing. However, on *SATAN*, for a lot of the party kids, the younger kids, I got young skater punks.

BH: You seem to enjoy the acting process. Will you continue to play roles in your films?

JVB: Probably. I mean, if there's a film I wouldn't fit in, I wouldn't do it.

BH: You live pretty far from New York and LA, the obvious places one would go to search for a distributor. Is it difficult to get your films

out of Ohio and into the international market?

JVB: It has been so far. It's just a question of coming up with enough operating capital. Go to a festival, get a decent rep, really understand what's happening in the marketplace at the time you're releasing your picture. We're trying to be a lot smarter about this with *CHARLIE'S FAMILY*.

BH: Chas. Balun has called you "The hardest working man in show business." What jobs have you had to do to keep on top of things in between films?

JVB: All sorts of bullshit--working in a restaurant, a brief stint in construction, giving plasma. [I laugh, he doesn't. Jim has also done work in commercials and some theatrical trailers.]

BH: If you couldn't make films, what profession would you undertake instead?

JVB: If I couldn't make films? At all? Not in *any* capacity? [Jim seemed extremely uncomfortable even thinking about this.]

BH: Yes.

JVB: Some other profession?

BH: Right.

JVB: Professional dead man.

BH: Professional what?

JVB: Dead man.

BH: [Completely lost] As in the *Grateful Dead*?

JVB: No, professional suicide expert.

BH: [I decided to move on.] What are your views on the MPAA and what can be done to exorcise these demons of the movie industry?

JVB: Well, it's my understanding that censorship is loosening up overseas and that will probably send some waves back to the MPAA. They are already starting to get a good shakeup with *THE BAD LIEUTENANT* getting so much critical acclaim. I think it'll casually come. And then the violence of *RESERVOIR DOGS* and John Woo's got an upcoming action blockbuster. So I think things are gonna get better. England

is supposedly loosening up and so are the more censorship strict countries overseas--the European communities. They're realizing the standards that the government in Italy asked for and they'll sort of jive with the standards of Britain and Germany. I think you're gonna see things loosen up in about four or five years.

BH: It seems that rough-edged, no-bullshit gore is making a comeback with the likes of **RESERVOIR DOGS** and **THE BAD LIEUTENANT**. What have you seen lately that you found worthwhile?

JVB: **BRAINDEAD**. . . fantastic. **RESERVOIR DOGS** was great. Horror related? I missed **CANDYMAN** unfortunately, but I saw **HELLRAISER III**, which was a piece of shit.

BH: Unfortunately, I was the one who told you to see it. Do you plan to "Go Hollywood" and do a big budget studio picture in the future?

JVB: Under the right conditions--yeah I'd like to give it a whirl.

BH: Are there any people out there that you'd really like to work with?

JVB: Oh yeah, a billion.

BH: Who are the top ones?

JVB: Jorg Buttgercit. [The **NEKROMANTIK** man.]

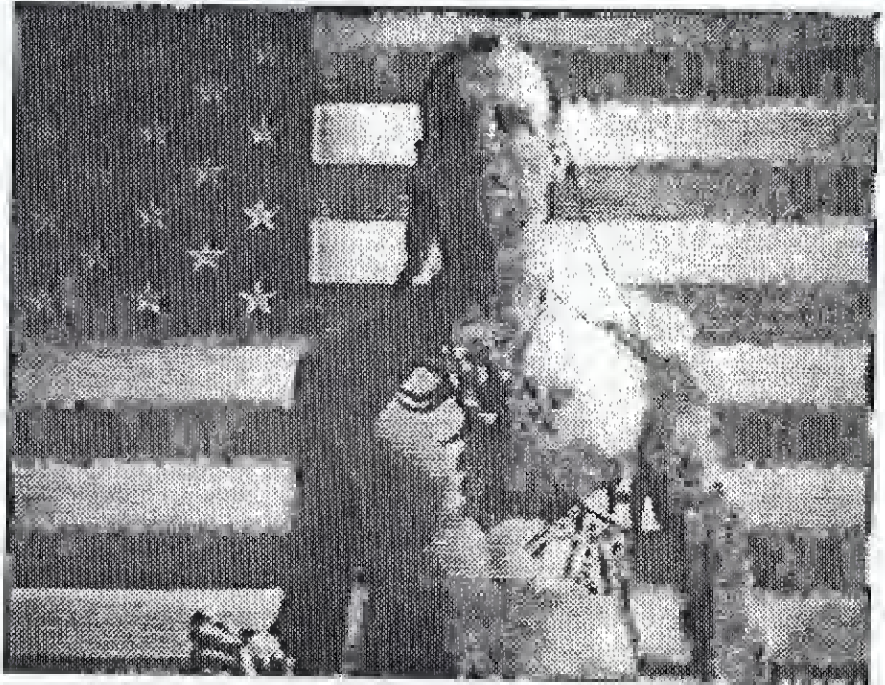
BH: What kinds of projects are you planning for the future?

JVB: A serious visceral, dark...who knows...hard-edged shit man.

BH: Do you think you'll ever settle down and do like, just a regular drama without anyone getting their fingers bitten off?

JVB: Possibly, sure.

BH: I don't like to hear that Jim!



*Van Bebbler is the victim of severe hair mutilation and phony tattoos in **MY SWEET SATAN**.*

He laughs too. Maybe that means he was kidding. I can only pray I don't live to see the day when the master of gut-punch filmmaking decides to do a PG-13 because he is as experimental and innovative a filmmaker as anyone could hope for. If luck is with us, we'll be seeing a lot more from this guy who surfaced unexpectedly (and suspiciously) from Ohio's darkest recesses. Save us Mr. Van Bebbler.

VAN BEBBER AT DAWN

BY: TOM SIMMONS

The first time I saw Jim Van Bebber's bone-crushing urban bloodbath was at 2 AM on a Friday night (I've temporarily relocated to a town that's basically a glorified truck stop with a University, subsequently I have no life). Being somewhat of an insomniac I tend to do most of my film watching at odd hours of the night/morning (some flicks will knock you out faster than a shot of Thorazine), so if you've seen **DEADBEAT AT DAWN** you will understand when

I say that the amount of sleep I got that night could be counted on the fingers of one hand.

I had read and heard a few things about **DEADBEAT**; that Van Bebber had almost single-handedly made the film (wrote, directed, produced, edited, starred, and pulled off the bloody FX), however, it's pretty damn hard for me to get enthusiastic about yet another street gang pic (after sitting through **NEW JACK CITY** and **BOYZ 'N THE 'HOOD**, I vowed never again). Hell, to be perfectly blunt, I really don't give a flying fuck for gangster flicks at all (unless they're made by John Woo, of course). Finally a friend, who had been telling me that I *had* to see it for many months, sent me a copy, and I'll be damned if it doesn't blow the shit out of any domestic action flick ever made.

Basically the plot runs like this: tough street punk known only as "Goose" (a **MAD MAX**



reference?) decides to quit his gang and settle down with his woman. The next day, while Goose is out doin' a deal, a couple of psychos from a rival gang come a knockin' and finding only his chick home decide to waste her instead. You can guess the rest, but (to paraphrase Alfred Hitchcock), "It's not the story, hut how you tell it."

Produced entirely in Dayton, Ohio (Yes, that's the same state that J.R. Bookwalter's gory snooze-a-thons come from) over a period of three years for mere pocket change, **DEADBEAT AT DAWN** is a gritty triumph of style and attitude. The sets are grimy holes populated with impassable sociopaths who care only for crank, pussy, and (hopefully) fatality ridden brawls. Reminds me of some of my old friends.

While the film is a bit slow in a few places

(although more realistic than most revenge melodramas), the final sequence of frenzied action and kinetic camerawork, in which Goose fends off half-a-dozen thugs and gets his revenge, more than makes up for the few shortcomings. Not only that, but you gotta admire a movie where the protagonist makes a death threat to his nemesis, and ultimately is true to his word (this bit took me completely by surprise, if you've seen it, you know what I mean).



'Motherfuckers!'

Now before you go off thinkin' you've got me pegged as some sort of thick-necked, tobacco chewin', xenophobic, "man's-man" who likes to live out repressed macho fantasies through such talentless dullards as Chuck Norris, who was best on the wrong end of Bruce Lee's foot in **RETURN OF THE DRAGON**; Arnold Schwarzenegger, who was uproariously lame in **HERCULES IN NEW YORK**; Steven Segal, this dork is just a monotonous prima donna; Sylvester Stallone who's first film was a hard-core jizz flick currently known as **THE ITALIAN STALLION**, for which he was seriously underpaid; or any of the other brainless sloths that equate musculature with ideological correctness, hear me out.

Action films don't have to be simplistic, pretentious, and xenophobic, like the slew of mega-budgeted, imaginatively bankrupt potboilers that American studios churn out with numbing regularity (have you *seen* **LETAL WEAPON 3?**). The French load their action movies with philosophic overtones about the corruption of the soul and the human condition (whadja expect from people who start drinking wine at 8 AM every day?), and Hong Kong filmmakers pack theirs with action. Lots of action. Action so fast, furious, and intricately choreographed that neophytes can get dizzy trying to take it all in at once.

Jim Van Bebber's film is neither one of these. It is an American product, but it's very different than its domestic counterparts. If the film were an all-black production it would probably be getting the John Singleton treatment. But it ain't, I guess white trash gangstas aren't en vogue right now. Well fuck 'em! This is the best American action film you're likely to see (if you can).

'Scuse me while I get down off my soapbox.

If you wandered around the Dealer's Room at the '92 *LA Weekend of Horrors* you couldn't have missed a tape titled **VAN BEBBER PROMO REELS**. This tape has some really cool stuff on it (although at a running time of approximately 29 minutes, it's hardly worth \$20), including a trailer for the aborted Chas. Balun/Alan Zweig-penned slasher pic **CIUNKBLOWER**, which is a blast, not for its paper-thin wishin'-it-had-a-plot premise (stranded motorists get whacked by a fat, psycho tow-truck driver), but for its wildly stylish camerawork and its gleefully uninhibited gut slinging. Also on the tape are **ROADKILL** and **CHARLIE'S FAMILY**.

ROADKILL: THE LAST DAYS OF JOHN MARTIN is the first 15 minutes of a seriously unnerving piece of guerrilla filmmaking

inspired by the deeds of John Gacy and Henry Lee Lucas (I would have guessed the ever popular Ed Gein, but Jim says otherwise). Unlike so many psycho/cannibal epics (particularly the terminally overblown **LOUDNESS OF THE HAMS**, I mean **SILENCE OF THE LAMBS** rather), **ROADKILL** reaches a hellish intensity that is virtually unparalleled these days. I shit you not, my friend. This guy makes Henry (**PORTRAIT OF A SERIAL KILLER**) seem like a paragon of Republican family values, whatever the hell those are. Ol' John Martin lives in a rat-infested, putrefying squalor with mangled bits of rotting flesh, broken glass, and dried blood caking the floor and walls.

The illustrious Chas. Balun describes it as "THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE of the '90's." I agree, to a point. TCM created an entire sub-genre and some amazingly original and striking imagery that has transcended the film and moved directly into American culture. **ROADKILL** is not going to go that kind of distance, mainly because it draws inspiration from TCM and is not wholly spontaneous. That is not to say that it sucks. Not by a long shot. **THE LAST DAYS** is the most unsettling backyard gruefest I've had the pleasure of witnessing since **NEKROMANTIK** (which was a fluke anyway. Jorg Buttgerit is a talentless fuck who should make films for insomnia research labs. **NEKRO 2** is one of the most over-hyped, ultra-flatulent flicks of 1992). I, for one, cannot wait for **ROADKILL** to be completed. Van Bebber was quoted saying, "The genre needs 'John Martin,' right now." I couldn't agree more.

A trailer for **CHARLIE'S FAMILY** is also featured on the promo tape, and it looks great (Jim sure knows how to cut 'em).

If you want to see a bit more of Jim's helter-skelter production there is an 80-minute collection of dailies floating around (sorry Jim). I was going to ramble on about this for a bit, but I think I'll reserve my criticism for the

finished product, that's only fair. However, I will say this: I really hope Jim Van Bebber does some research on this, because from what I've seen it doesn't look like anyone has done any homework. It would be a shame if **CHARLIE'S FAMILY** turns out to be just another Manson myth instead of an in-your-face factual account of one of America's most fascinating and complex criminals. While I'm on the subject I'd just like you all to know (just in case you didn't) that Charles Manson was arrested in 1969 in Ventura, CA. The photograph of Manson that is the most commonly used is his mugshot from the Ventura County Jail (the Ventura City Council doesn't want anyone to know this, however, because they think it might fuck up their tourist trade. This is why I'm telling you.).

Van Bebber's most recent effort, **MY SWEET SATAN**, is a short film supposedly based on a true story about a bunch of acid-dropping losers who take bowls, worship Satan, and eventually torture and kill some whiny wanna-be. This is, in my opinion, the least arresting of Van Bebber's work. The, uh, story, for lack of a better term, meanders all over the place culminating with an admittedly brutal murder and a ham-fisted, crime-doesn't-pay ending. I guess you had to be there.

If you haven't seen any of Van Bebber's work, you should go out of your way to do so. You won't be sorry. Even the lesser stuff easily blows away the wide-release, mega-hype, box office fodder.

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FAVORITE SON

BY: KIEL ALEXANDER

This thing is my father. The hideous mound of mangled bone, muscle, and flesh--crawling as if it has a purpose toward the refrigerator. Which, of course, it does. It stopped and spoke. *He spoke.*

"Son, get me a Pepsi." Father, part of the Pepsi generation (uh-huh). A voice like mud.

(*Christ, why can't he die or go away or just leave me alone?* Is this the price I pay for being his favorite? Donald and David always knew this, *I* knew it and played it up, but now...Is this my reward--the button of being his caretaker, of being caretaker to this *thing*? Him? Father, dear father?)

I am ashamed to bring anyone over (as if I have any friends...), ashamed to acknowledge

the fact that this thing is my father (*my father*) to anyone outside of our tiny, musty apartment. This thing. Sweating, stinking, glistening, *breathing* THING, a shadow of his former self, a squashed shadow; an aberration. I bathe it everyday, dress it in a towel (hide it under a towel), wipe its ass, feed its twisted maw--*this thing*. My father.

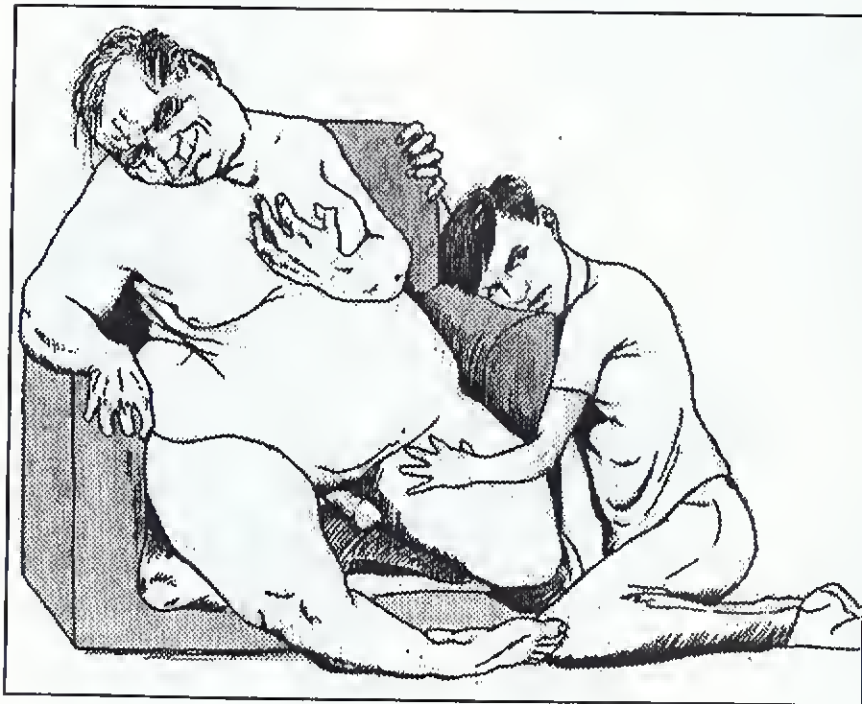
It...*he* senses my consternation, beckons me.

"Come to me, son."

I want to resist, to run from him, dammit, but he is my father. I kneel down next to him. (To *him*.) He reaches out, extends a part of himself that used to be an arm, maybe fingers. Maybe. He caresses my naked thigh. I remember how it used to be. I am ashamed of how it used to be. I am ashamed of how it is.

"Get me a Pepsi. Then we shall continue..." As always, unspoken--no--incomplete. But I know and understand. His caresses tantalize, leave a slick coat on my flesh. I remember how it used to be. I remember with my eyes clenched, clamped shut, locked. (Don't let me see. Don't let me feel.) I am hard. We are hard.

(I remember how he used to...love me. Before the accident. I remember. When he



was whole and strong and...I was his favorite.)

I get his Pepsi and gently serve him. It disgusts me but I do. This all disgusts me (but I do). I *don't* remember the last time I felt the sun's warmth invigorate my body, imprisoned within these drab and dreary four walls, *trapped* in this shoebox apartment. Barely enough room for one person, let alone me and...him.

I know he will never die. It is branded on my brain, burning in my brain: this knowledge. The government pays the rent, the groceries are delivered every Thursday, as long as he is still alive. That is why I know he will never die; he can't die or go away or just leave me alone. *I can't let him. I need these things. I need him.*

(I hate him. I have always hated him, I am his son. HATE. HATE. HATE.)

When he is throbbing inside me, it is as it used to be. Through the tears, my anguished, fisted strokes and his awkward thrusts, I grow to hate him even more passionately. I never thought I would be his equal--he was always

larger than life--but now, crouching in this corner of the kitchen, naked, sticky and sore (not so much sore as numb--familiarity has rendered me numb), reeking of our perverse encounter, *I am*. For we are both grotesque, pitiful human beings. And we are both, in our own, unique ways, prisoners. It is the burden of my existence; to have succeeded in following in his footsteps. His loathsome, corrupt footsteps.

There is nothing I can do to change it. I am ashamed of how it is, but there is nothing I can do. He was the strong one. Aren't all fathers strong? Aren't they? It was always HIS word it law, HIS actions beyond reproach. My father. That *thing*. It is my duty to serve him to his dying day, his never dying day. I am obligated, as caretaker (*slave*) to this thing, my father, because I am his favorite. I am.

"Son..."

And he...he *needs* me.

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SCREW YOU

BY: TIMOTHY PATRICK

David Aaron Clark and SCREW magazine like to spend their time trashing fanzines from around the country. They took time out of their anal fuckfest to trash **BLACKEST HEART** (their review is reprinted below), and this is our response.

HALF A HEART ON (Feb. 8, 1993)

Now we examine one of the lowest forms of 'zine--the horror 'zine. We came across Blackest Heart, "The Most Disgusting Magazine in the World," at the last Fangoria convention, where we were distressed by the preponderance of chubby, bearded guys in motorcycle jackets (never thought we'd be able to get lost in a crowd, did you?) and semi-Goth girls wearing embarrassing, fantasy-type jewelry and monumentally vacant and sexually frustrated expressions.

The boys who throw together this rag fit right in with the crowd, selling bootleg videos and trying to talk up unimpressed chicks with proof of their exciting new publishing venture. It's supposed to be full of amusing bile and witty dissection, but the enormously creative writers tend to rely on claiming that everyone they hate is homosexual in order to really, uh, drive their point home.

There's some bad horror fiction that aspires to the lowest level of gore-nography but ends up coming off reading like some maladjusted teenager's revenge fantasies. There's also a dumb pro-porn article by some drunken white boy who calls himself "Rastaman." Haw-haw.

Oh, why go on? If you've got \$5 that you were planning on blowing your nose with, after you're finished send it off to Blackest Heart Magazine.

David Aaron Clark of SCREW magazine is a ball sac licking, jism-eating, hutt-plowing, Al Goldstein-jerking off, thumb-dick fag.

This booty-busting cocksucker seems to get his jollies by trashing fanzines he doesn't have the talent to stick up his greasy asshole. If he was a real writer, he might be able to do his own fanzine, but it's too hard for him to write with a harry ball sac slapping against his face. Instead, he relies on bullshit articles to trash-talk our work.

In SCREW, Clark (the man of the steel asshole) reviewed **BLACKEST HEART**. He starts off by saying, "Now we examine one of the lowest forms of 'zines--the horror 'zine." Stop right there: if he thinks that way, he has no business reviewing our work. I don't go out and review the ballet because I don't like ballet, so there is no way I'd write a good review. Why does he bother when he hates our work before even opening the pages (like he opens his asshole to Al Goldstein every night).

Clark does go on, however, giving his personal attack on our magazine a whole column. Clark claims that we spent our time at the New York *Weekend of Horrors* trying to talk up unimpressed chicks about **BLACKEST HEART**. This couldn't be further from the truth. If he wasn't spending so much time ogling all the male butts in the room, he might have noticed that I wasn't even in New York and Shawn Smith was there with his fiancé. (Besides, if I was there, I'd be getting blowjobs in the corner.)

Then, Clark attacks the magazine itself, citing "some bad horror fiction that aspires to the lowest level of gore-nography." What has he been reading? I am the best writer in the

world. Doesn't he know anything? Really! (He does mention enormously creative writers, which is a bit of a contradiction to the rest of his review. He must have seen my picture and started lusting after my cock.)

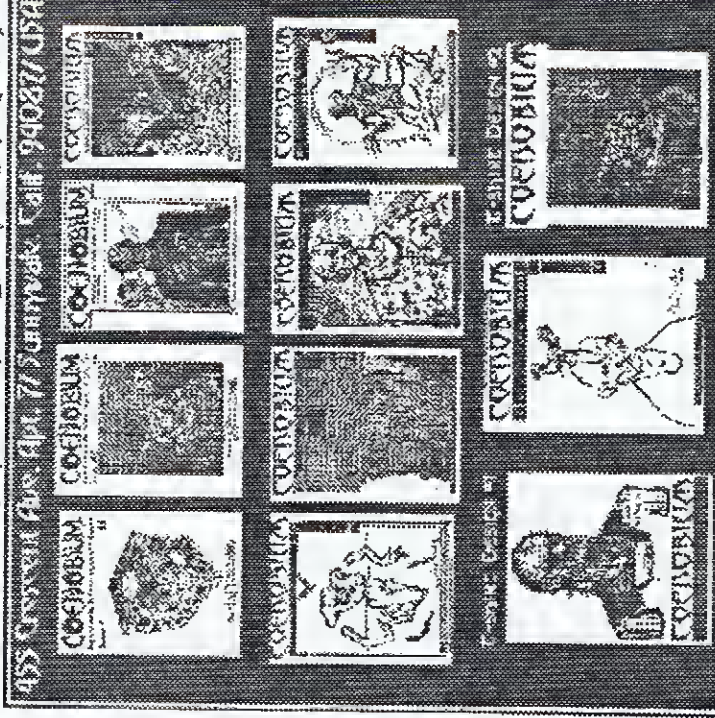
What's next? Well, Clark calls our fiction "maladjusted teenager's revenge fantasies," when they are really the maladjusted revenge fantasies of a twenty-three-year-old. Get your facts right next time, juicy butt.

The only redeeming point about this "review" is that they had the guts to send it to

us. They didn't send a copy of the magazine like we're sending them; they ripped out the page and sent that. This is really classy. What a professional organization. Maybe he was reading the review while getting his butt pummeled and ended up ripping the page during the butt probe.

Who cares? Clark suggests that people wipe their noses with their money before sending it to us. That's fine, it's still money. We just don't want Clark wiping the crusty jism off his chin before sending in his money.

COENOBIUM



455 Crescent Ave., Apt. 71 Sunnyvale, Calif. 94087 USA

Single issues \$6.50 each. For sale to adults 18 and over only. Make check/m.o. payable to Diane Sciacca. Four-issue (one year) subscriptions available at \$22.00. T-shirts are \$25.00 each. Black t-shirts with glow-in-the-dark design. All above prices include postage and handling. Design #1 is © Clive Barker 1986 and appears in the Arcane/Eclipse book "Clive Barker, Illustrator." Used by permission. "Coenobium" is © 1990 Diane Sciacca.

COENOBIUM

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BLACK INK AND DEAD TREES: HORROR COMICS IN BLACK~AND~WHITE

BY: TOM SIMMONS

Until a few years ago finding a horror-themed comic book, not even a good one, was a task that would have made Hercules toss in the towel and go for a cold one.

The heyday of the horror comic was the pre-McCarthy era 1950's. Such grisly titles as the now legendary *Tales From the Crypt*, *Vault of Horror*, and *Haunt of Fear* regularly showcased zombies, serial killers, Voodoo sacrifices, electrocution, dismemberment, cannibalism, and all the fun stuff that makes death worth witnessing. These were created by the brilliantly demented publisher of EC comics, William M. Gaines (who went on to create, as I'm sure you all know, the American icon *MAD Magazine*). The graphic content and wonderfully morbid imagery of EC's line, as well as other spin-offs, sparked off a major war between EC and some uptight, right-wing parent groups (forerunners of the fascist fuckheads that currently plague the industry) who felt that if their (or anyone's!) children read the stuff that the little miscreants would grow up to be psychotic sociopaths who would destroy all life as we know it—or some shit like that.

Out of this melee the Comics Code Authority was born in the ashes of the First Amendment. If you wanted a comic book sold anywhere but a specialty shop, you would have to submit to the approval of the CCA. This means no sex, violence, "adult" language or situations, or anything that might twist a young, impressionable mind into a drooling maniac with a permanent hard-on.

Comic books were once again safe-and-sane paragons of wholesome ideals and general, all-around goodness and niceness. What a load of shit.



The horror comic was laid to rest. This dirt nap lasted till about the mid '70's when it feebly clawed its way up into the light with such limp CCA-approved titles as *Eerie*, that offered a little atmosphere and no real visceral shocks. It took the increasing interest of college students and the under-30 crowd to bring about a revolution in the industry. This much needed transfusion of the mid '80's was led by Frank Miller, Alan Moore, Steve Bissette, and Bill Sienkiewicz, who rebelled against the sterile, homogenized approach of the

CCA-approved titles and created gritty, intelligent and uncompromising graphic novels strife with anger and cynicism.

Now independent horror comics are a happenin' thing, but just like horror movies, you've got to wade through the clunkers till you find something totally eye-poppin'.

If you're into collecting comics, the one to get is Boneyard Press' *Jeffery Dahmer: An Unauthorized Biography of a Serial Killer*. By the time you read this article *Dahmer* may be pretty hard to find since a Milwaukee judge ordered the printing ceased because Boneyard Press didn't pay for the rights to use the names of the victims. Collection value aside there is really no point in bothering with this talentless mess, it's a total waste of time, just bag it and save it. The alleged "artwork" by Al Hanform are dull, simplistic doodles that are too timid to actually show the things that made Dahmer famous. If you're gonna do an adult comic about a serial killer at least have some balls (Dahmer had a jar of 'em). The writing is just as lame. Bill Yukich (credited as "grumpy, unpublished writer type") should get a job writing telephone directories. The narrative is a monotonous bore that will cure even the most hardened insomniac. And what's with that intro by Hart D. Fisher? "This book is not a celebration of Dahmer's deeds. It is an examination. It is an attempt to deal with a monster, to cope...Come walk with me for a while, maybe you'll learn something about darkness, and the wretched things that scurry about in its folds." Whaaat?! Give it up you pretentious prick. You guys at Bonehead Press are a bunch of microcephalic morons (look it

up). Glad I didn't pay for it.

Just when I thought it couldn't get any worse, some pinhead named G.J. Vamos sent me his "comics" with a note: "...Make a copy & try coloring it in; makes it look wild." Yeah, sure pal, I'll get right on it. Get a fuckin' life. The "issue" I received is imaginatively titled *Banktellers* (Send \$5.00 to: G.J. Vamos, 2716 Jottingham Rd., Parma, OH, 44134). It



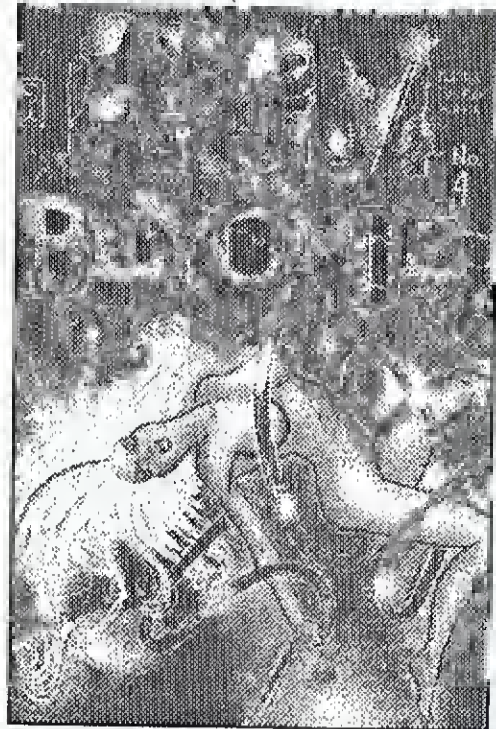
consists of ten Xeroxed, legal-sized pages of ridiculously adolescent, repressed fantasies of curvaceous bank tellers being simultaneously penetrated by knives and dicks. No story. Not much gore, just porn-styled line drawings of faceless torsos. Now I'm no up-tight morality freak (hell, look who I'm writing for), but c'mon, this is the kind of stuff that illuminates the walls of public restrooms across America. Yeah, I'd love to color in some shithouse art. Get a grip.

Enough of that crap. If you're going to drop some cash down on the pulp scene, here's

two ways you can't go wrong.

Skipp and Spector's Malformed and *From Beyonde* (out of Connecticut, of all places), two of the most viciously original comics I've seen in a long time.

John Skipp and Craig Spector are, in my humble opinion, a pair of the finest horror authors around (*The Light at the End* is, arguably, the best neo-vampire novel), so it's a little difficult to be totally objective, but unless you're into the brainless mainstream drivel that holds down the racks at the local comic shop, you'll agree that *Malformed* kicks ass! Since it is written by established literary Splatterpunks, the narrative that accompanies the artwork is a welcome antidote to the previously mentioned

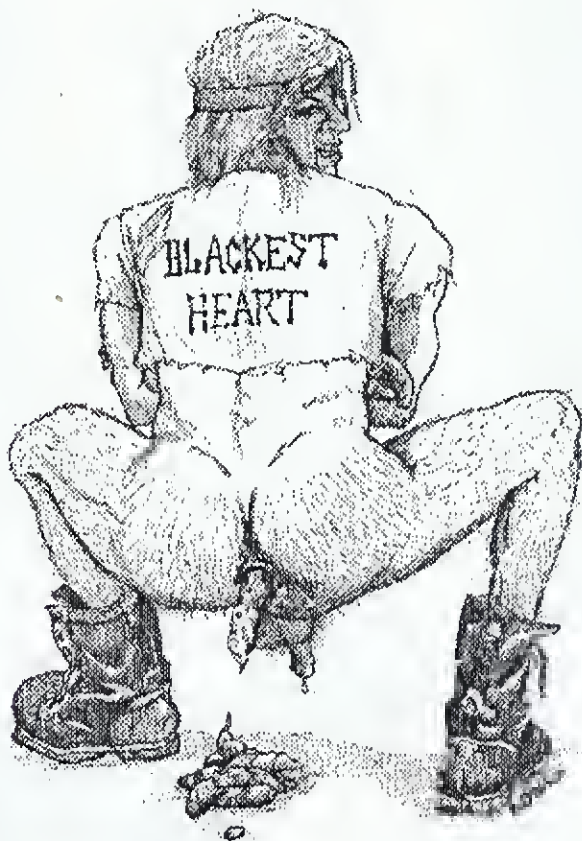


dregs of the genre. The first issue, entitled *Little Things*, is a set of three stories steeped in darkness and played very straight. *A Quickee* by John Skipp illustrates the potential horrors of the singles scene (and I don't mean AIDS). *The Word Made Flesh* by Craig Spector is a ripping yarn about what goes on inside a televangelist, and both collaborate on *Company*, about some old farts that need a life. The artwork, by Robert DeMatteo is not exactly the highly polished technical comic art that you will find in the more mainstream indies (such as *Faust*). It's kinda like fucking after a quart of J.D.: rough and sloppy. But then again, I don't think nice clean illustrations would mesh well with the grim text. If you want to take the easy way out, you can get *Malformed* directly from the publisher. Just send \$3.25 to Black Eyed Books, PO Box 978, Southbury, CT 06488. I highly recommend this comic and can't wait for another issue.

Likewise for the wickedly funny *From Beyond*. This rag is an intensely dark and warped comic from Studio Insidio with a streak of jet-black humor a mile wide. There are four issues available, and these are as fuckin' cool as it gets. If you can find 'em you'll know what I mean (and if you can't, you can get them directly from the publisher for \$3 each. Write to PO Box 124, Watertown, CT 06795). The covers alone, for the first two issues, are worth the cover price. But not only that, you get awesome tales of deranged doctors and their inspired experiments by Frank Forte and Mike Bliss (my personal fave is *The Experiment* about a military coroner trying to assess the cause of death of a soldier afflicted by a chemical weapon, in *Issue #3*), as well as incredibly twisted, surreal illustrations by Lucien and Scott DiAngelo.

This series is on the cutting edge of dark, sarcastic, psychedelic terror, heavily influenced by the writings of H.P. Lovecraft, Edgar Allan Poe, and William Gibson, as well as the art of H.R. Geiger. Unfortunately *Issue #4* (the most recent one I have) is the weakest of the lot (hope this isn't a trend), suffering mainly because of the lack of stories (only two, both of which are rather long), and the absence of Forte and Bliss' ultra-cool mad scientist epics. But that's nit-picking, because I haven't seen an anthology this inspired since *Weirdo*. And from me that's some high praise.





OUR PERSONAL SHITLIST: A COLLECTION OF PEOPLE WHO SHOULD KILL THEMSELVES BECAUSE THEY ARE SUCH WORTHLESS PIECES OF SHIT

BY: TIMOTHY PATRICK
AND SHAWN SMITH

FANGORIA, Tony Timpone, and Joanne Sanabria: In our first issue, we discussed how we refuse to censor anything. Apparently FANGORIA doesn't believe in this principal. We have been censored by FANGORIA. They changed our advertisements twice without telling us and threatened to ban our future ads if to used the words "sex," "perversion," or "sexploitation" in them.

Interesting, especially since Threat Theatre begins their ad with "Sadistic sex and torture." But, when you think about the fact the Joanne, the ad manager, has starred in several sadistic sex features this makes some sense. Incidentally, we got in trouble because we bad-mouthed Threat Theatre in our ad for being

thieves, which they are. Todd Tjersland, the head thief, complained, so we can't mention other dealers in our ads either.

How did we find out about this? Well, FANGORIA certainly didn't have the guts to tell us. When they fucked up the zip code in one of our ads, we called to complain and Joanne, the sticky princess, said, "Oh, we have to talk." Apparently Todd Tojizon and a bunch of parents complained, and FANGORIA had a little meeting. It was probably a nice meeting in their little office where they use the Constitution as shit wipe.

In this meeting, they decided that we were bad boys and could no longer do nasty things in their ads. Fine. But why not tell us instead of

changing our ads and hoping we wouldn't notice. Well, my friends, we see everything, and we watch our enemies closely. We have our mark set on FANGORIA, and you will hear more about them in the future. We hope you don't slip up Tony because we have some insults we haven't used before that will make your stink-ass cry.

See you at the *LA Weekend of Horrors '93* (we'll be the drunk guys that get kicked out).

Trimark Pictures: Thank you for releasing Peter Jackson's *BRAINDEAD* as an NC-17 film. We really appreciate your thoughtfulness. But, we would like to know why you changed the title (*DEAD ALIVE*) and cut the shit out of it while still calling it uncut.

How did you manage that? Don't bother answering because we know you can get your facts mixed up when you're spending all your time fucking your senile old mom's saggy tits at a nursing home. (Notice how we avoided the anal reference, but they probably stah her butt too.) Yes, it can get pretty confusing when you're spending so much time trying to cover up your child molestation ring. But we understand. Yes, we do, however, we would appreciate a little honesty and integrity in the future.

Threat Theatre: Todd Tjersland continues to rip people off and lie to them. If you order a tape from him and it's a little late, call him and complain (everyday, at three in the morning):

(206) 866-0530

(206) 866-3593

Ramada Hotel, NYC: The New York *Weekend of Horrors* was held here along with several cockroach conventions. This was the dirtiest fucking place we've seen: the sheets were dirty, there was a turd floating in the toilet, and the room smelled like shit. And this was after the room was cleaned by the maids.

What the fuck kinda place is this?

But at least it was cheap--no, it was \$180. Nice deal! \$180 for a fucking shithouse! We can stay at a Motel 6 for thirty bucks and would get clean rooms and better service. We wouldn't have to deal with some fat ass, black motherfucker (we aren't racist--he was fat and black) of a security guard talking shit. When we got there and had to wait two fucking hours for our barnyard accommodations, he expected us to spend the whole time standing up because "it was a respectable place." If it was respectable, they wouldn't make you wait so long to spend the night in a Calcutta palace and they wouldn't hire some Jerry-curl-juice-drippin' motherfucker straight out of Attica.

Center for Science in the Public Interest, National Council on Alcoholism and Drug Dependence, The American Psychological Association, and the United Methodist Church: Fuck you all! These groups complained about the Budweiser Clydesdale horses being in the inaugural parade, saying, "The inauguration of a United States president should not be debased by having a nationally televised parade that includes an advertisement for heer." Debased? Fuck you. Maybe these groups should worry about how they debase the American public by trying to shut up groups they don't like.

Sure there are alcoholics and drug fiends, but not everyone who drinks is a drunk--these groups can't make that distinction. They want to save the American public from the evils of beer. They won't let us make our own decisions and choose whether or not to drink; they want to prevent us from being exposed to hooze. Fuck them! They cannot stop beer with their self-righteous attacks on American companies and they cannot stop the stream of diarrhea that flows from their mouths. If they were smart enough to have a few drinks, they wouldn't be dumb enough to suck off all the

deluded losers that come to them looking for help only to find a bunch of lies and bullshit.

Mormons: Two Mormon-owned television stations refused to air *Picket Fences* episodes that discussed the Mormon practice of polygamy. Nothing like using censorship to silence your critics—it's what Hitler and Stalin did. Of course those guys also killed people, the Mormon Church just terrorizes them. If you try to leave the Mormon faith, you can expect death threats and continual abuse for several years.

What else has the Church of Jesus Christ of Shithouse Saints done? Mormons do not believe in taking any drugs, including caffeine. But, when the church bought shares in Coca-Cola, it suddenly became okay to drink Coke. Not only to they partially own a company that sells products they don't believe in, they also flip-flopped and started encouraging their followers to use the product. It just goes to show that the pull of the dollar is stronger than their faith.

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DARK IMAGES: THE SECOND CUMMING

BY: TIMOTHY PATRICK

"Enter My kingdom and sit at My right hand, Son." The venerable spirit smiled kindly to his Son, the Son of man, "You have done well. Your suffering has healed the world and atoned for the sins of man."

Jesus smirked as He stood before God, "Yeah, well the world can fuck off. I didn't ask for this shit, and I sure as hell didn't want to do it. But *YOU* made *ME*!" He pointed to God and gave up all pretense of respect for his "Father," "You pillaged a whore and forced me to suffer for it. You know I was not chosen to heal the world. I am the product of your lust for a common village whore. The so-called *virgin* Mary is nothing more than a two-bit cocksucker, and she isn't even good at that!"

God's face trembled with rage and all traces of serenity vanished, "How dare you speak to Me this way! I am the ruler of the Universe and you, a bastard son, dares to insult me!" He shook in His throne and His words ricocheted through the halls of Heaven, shaking the pearly gates.

Jesus was not impressed by God's anger, "I **DO** dare to question you, old man. You're nothing more than a tired old philanderer who got his cock stuck in the wrong hole!"

"ENOUGH!!!" The anger unleashed streams of electricity that energized the skies and sent bolts of lightning showering to the Earth below. "I have had enough of your insolence! You will pay for this outrage!"

Jesus laughed, "What are you going to do? You'll already killed me you stupid, son of a bitch!"

God tried to control his rage, but there was no way. He lashed out with his anger and Jesus was barely able to duck under the onslaught. When He saw Jesus elude the blast, God prepared for another strike, but stopped. "No, I will not finish you now." He smiled to himself, "I have a much better purpose for you. I am sending you back to Earth, back to the cross, so you may have time to reflect on your actions."

Jesus shook his head to God, not wanting to go back to the cross, not wanting to spend any more time suffering. He started to plead, but realized there was no hope. He had overstepped his bounds, and God would not forgive that, He was doomed to return to the hell He so recently escaped. He was going back.

The pain swelled in his wrists and feet once more. His head lulled dumbly back and forth in an attempt to fight the pain that worked its way through his limbs and attacked his heart, but there was no use. He could not escape the torment the Romans planned for him; he was once again a physical being, subject to the pains of the flesh.

Jesus shivered slightly when a fresh spike of pain split his side. He looked down to see a Roman soldier pulling a spear from his side while he laughed. Jesus looked through his battered eyes at the soldier, marking his face for future punishment. He would remember those who hurt him, and he would have his retribution. Yes, that would be so sweet. He let his mind wander to the future where he would once again be venerated on Earth. He would

once again be a leader, and no one would stand in his way. The days of serving God were over, he would now serve himself and live for the flesh and all its pleasures.

The pain ebbed momentarily and Jesus felt something else, something far more pleasing. He felt a slight tugging below his waist and he soon recognized the affectionate caresses along the length of his dick. He managed to open his eyes and look down to his attendant, recognizing his mother, Mary, immediately. She stood below him with a chalice and was surrounded by several other women. They were all mesmerized by her slow, deliberate strokes as Jesus' dick got harder and harder. When it was fully erect, Mary smiled up at him and winked. The others didn't see this moment pass between mother and son, but they were able to make out what Mary did next. The bobbing of her head revealed the spiritual work she now began as she rubbed her tongue up and down his shaft.

She paused and looked to the other women, "He is the Son of God, the ruler of our people." The others nodded as if they understood and they formed a loose line behind Mary. None interrupted her from her work, they merely stood patiently while she sucked off her son. When he arched his back slightly in pleasure, the wounds on his hands and feet reopened and blood ran down his body. The other women saw this and walked silently up to him and began licking the blood from his body. One woman scaled half-way up the cross so she might clean the blood from his face while another kissed the puncture wound in his side.

Mary smiled up at him, knowing he longed for this attention, "How do you feel, my Son? Are you almost ready?"

"Yes, mother, I am."

She nodded and gave his dick a few quick licks until she felt it begin to pulse. Then, she placed the cup under his quivering meat and jerked him off until he came again and again into the chalice. His years of celibacy and

spirituality paid off as the chalice was almost filled with his cum. Some ran down the sides, but Mary wiped it up with her finger and licked it clean.

The other women gathered around the chalice while Mary finished her priming. She lifted it in front of her and spoke solemnly, "Drink from the Son of Man." In one quick motion, she drank deep of the cup, allowing some of Jesus' cum to run down the sides of her mouth, but it did not go to waste as another woman came quickly to lick it from her face.

The others nodded to Mary and she passed the cup to one of them. They each drank from the cup, tasting the life of God's son, feeling it slide easily down their throats into their waiting stomachs. The seminal fluid made their stomachs warm with happiness and pride. It gave them a sense of honor that they were serving God.

Jesus managed to smile over the pain that now returned, "Yes, ladies, you have done God a great service, and He will reward you." The ladies smiled proudly, but Jesus didn't allow them to celebrate this news, "He will reward you, but you must get me down from here."

The women responded to his request immediately, and two climbed the cross to remove the spikes from his hands. The juice that filled their bellies gave them the strength to rip the spikes from the wood and the courage to pull them through his bleeding hands. Once another lady removed the spike from his feet, he was free again and he fell into the women's arms.

They laid him gently to the ground and he laughed, "I have arisen from the dead and have come to take my rightful place as Ruler of Man!"

The women looked to each other, genuinely pleased at his declaration for they knew he was the next king of the Israelites. They would serve his every need and bask in the glory of his new kingdom.

Days later, Jesus lounged around his makeshift palace. A wealthy merchant's wife provided him with a large home that he converted into a shrine to himself. The walls were adorned with wood carvings of his image, each depicting an act of heroism he had yet to accomplish. No one seemed too concerned with the liberties he encouraged the artists to take with his past, and no one dared confront him on the subject. This was his palace, and he was the next ruler of the Israelites—they would be foolish to cross him.

Now, his mind wandered from his future plans to immediate business. An imperial spy had infiltrated his harem and now knelt before him. She was a beautiful woman, one of the reasons she had gotten past his security forces so easily, but she would be punished for her crime.

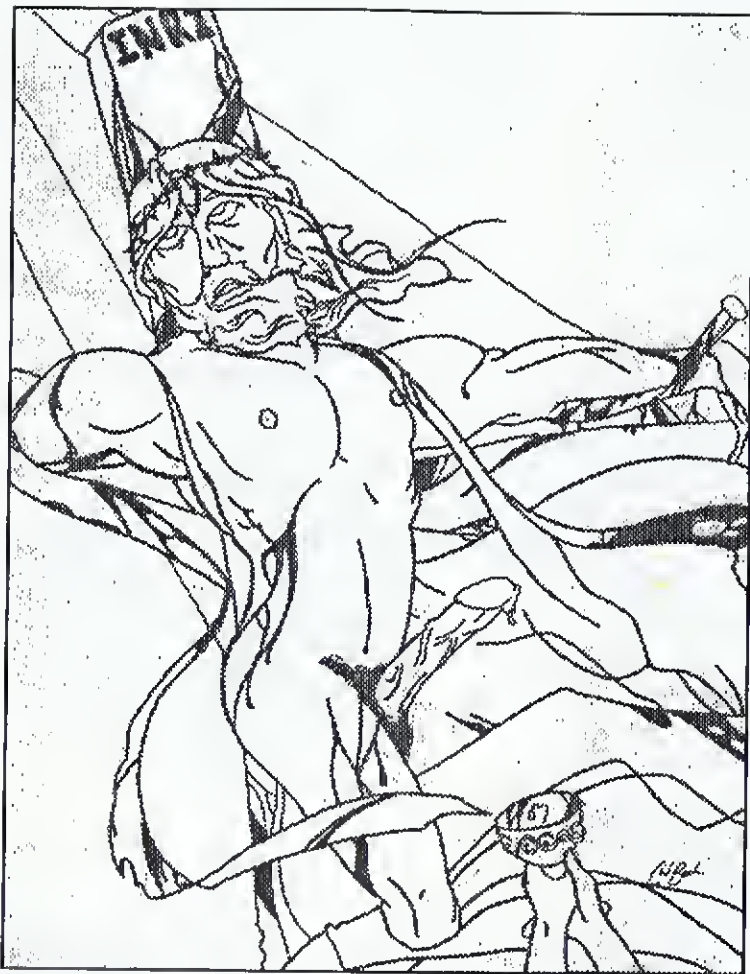
"Who sent you here?"

She said nothing and stared impassively at the ground.

He walked to her and grabbed her by the hair, lifting her head until she was forced to look at him, "I *said* who sent you here? I will find out, so there is no point in making this harder."

She winced as he almost pulled her from the ground, but she still said nothing.

This didn't surprise Jesus because she would have been chosen for her discretion. No, he would have a time making her talk through force. While he could use his spiritual powers, he preferred to do things through the flesh now that he was stuck on Earth. With this in mind, he walked behind her and pushed her onto all fours. As he held her down with one hand, he



pulled up her dress with the other. He admired the shape of her ass under her coarse underwear for a second before ripping it from her body. She said nothing while he stared at her bare ass, giving it an occasional slap.

"Since you don't want to talk about anything, I'll have to use you for other things." He smiled devilishly and rubbed his cock to make it hard. He pulled it from under his robes and rubbed it along her ass, "Do you like it up the ass? Hmmm? I hope so because that's where it's going."

She finally responded to him by turning to

face him with a pleading look in her eyes. He laughed at her and spanked her harder, watching his palm print form on her butt cheek. She started to whimper, but he only spanked harder, admiring the redness that spread over her butt. She cried out for him to stop, more in fear of what was to come than what he now did, but it was no use. He told her to shut up and rammed his cock into her tight ass.

She screamed in pain while he thrust in and out of her, ripping her tiny butthole to pieces. He grabbed her by the hair again and pulled her face close to his, "The time for talking has passed, my dear. You had your chance."

The woman said no more, only speaking through the tears that streamed down her face and the blood that ran from her asshole. Jesus saw her tears and taunted her for them, "Come now, my dear, it doesn't feel bad does it?" He slowed his thrusts, "**DOES IT?!!**"

Her only response was a miserable, hacking sob and cough. This was not what he was looking for, "What, are you too good for my cock?" He yanked her hair again, but this time he pulled too hard. He heard the snap and knew her neck was broken. Just to prove the point, he swiveled her head around so it faced her back. He found this bodily abuse fascinating and it prompted him to pull his dick from her butt and cum all over her back and face.

When the last pulse landed on her corpse, Jesus stood and adjusted his clothing. He looked to one of his guards, "Leave this mess for later, we have other work to do. We must teach Pontius Pilate who the true ruler of the Israelites is."

The palace guards were on alert, but they didn't expect what stood before them. Thousands of people carrying everything from rocks to scythes stood before them in an angry mob. There was one among them, the one called Jesus, who seemed to be directing the crowd, but the guards did not know what they

would do. The only real activity they could discern was the passing of several chalices among the crowd. Each person took a few sips and passed it along. Then, they appeared to swell with courage and, even more frightening for the guards, anger.

They contemplated whether or not to lock up the palace and abandon their posts, but they waited too long. The vanguard of the mob began chucking rocks and homemade spears at

'They were all mesmerized by her slow, deliberate strokes as Jesus' dick got harder and harder.'

the guards. Then, before they had a chance to retaliate, the entire mass of people charged the palace.

The assault was too much for the guards to repel and they resorted to a full-scale retreat. This action did not save them either, for the rebels had the strength of God in them and chased the guards down, sometimes slitting their throats where they stood, other times trampling them underfoot. The battle was a complete rout as the Israelites stormed every entrance to the palace and killed all who stood before them. Not even the palace pets were safe from their wrath. Several men could be found raping Pilate's cats while others swung them around by their tails only to fling them into the walls. This, along with the battle, conspired to soil the palace murals with blood and bone.

Jesus watched all this with a detached admiration for his followers. He was not concerned with the guards, although he admired the display, no, he wanted Pilate. His rule would not be complete until Pilate was deposed. With this in mind, Jesus walked through the carnage to the throne room.

He found his way easily and had little trouble getting to the throne room door. Only one guard

stood in his way and Jesus recognized him. He still held his spear, the one he jabbed into Jesus' side while he hung prostrate on the cross. Jesus didn't waste time on the young soldier because he had Pilate on his mind. He merely walked briskly up to him and punched him in the face. The force of the blow and his steely hands destroyed the guard's face and punctured a hole in his head. Jesus paused to admire his work and noticed the hole went all the way through the guard's head and into the wall behind him. Jesus smiled and pulled his hand from the hole. The body began to fall, but he caught it and grabbed the soldier's spear. With a quick shove, Jesus impaled him through the chest, sticking him to the wall.

He smiled and turned to leave, deciding at the last moment to finish things. He picked a medium-sized palm tree from one of the planters and shoved it into the hole in the guard's head. After a brief moment to watch the bloody dirt fall in clumps from the hole in his face, Jesus turned to the throne room.

When he entered, he paused to admire the fresco paintings that adorned the walls and ceiling. It was a brief moment for he noticed Pilate trying to escape through a back door. "Where are you off to Pilate?"

The ruler froze, instantly recognizing the authority in the voice. He turned and stared, "Surely you are dead!"

"Surely!" Jesus laughed, "Yes, I was dead, but I found it boring, so I'm back. But that's neither here nor there. We have more pressing business to attend to. Wouldn't you agree?"

Pilate half nodded, but did not speak.

"It's a curious habit you Romans have of not speaking when I address you. One of your," he paused, "employees did the same thing."

Pilate knew he was talking about the spy, the woman who warned Pilate that some form of rebellion was brewing. Yes, she warned him, but he couldn't guess at how big or successful it would be.

"Don't be coy, Pilate, you know of whom I speak." Jesus walked slowly to the Roman and paused a few feet from him, "It is such a shame when a man fails to realize his fate. Had you only realized you were not destined to rule Israel," he shook his head slowly, "but now it is too late."

"Is it?" Pilate laugh nervously, "I can still leave. There won't be any trouble, I'll just disappear."

"Trouble? No, there won't be any trouble because I will kill you where you stand and leave your corpse as a plaything for my people." Jesus said this without changing the expression on his face, an expression of pure malice.

Pilate knew he could not bargain, so he tried to flee, but Jesus was too fast for him. Before he could turn around, Jesus had him by the neck and was heaving him across the room. He slammed Pilate's face into the wall, grinding his teeth into the delightful paintings. The scrapping of bone on marble echoed through the chamber as Jesus ran Pilate's face up and down the wall. When he tired of this, he pulled Pilate back and slammed him full force into the wall, smashing his head open and exploding his brains from his head. Blood and brains slid slowly down the wall to land at Jesus' feet, and he smiled, "Now I am the true ruler of the Israelites!"

He heard a noise from behind him and let Pilate's body fall to the ground. He turned to see a group of his followers watching him with glee in their eyes, "Yes, my children, you have reason to be happy. The Son of Man has returned to save you from your sins."

Jesus' declaration ran through the palace and spread among his followers while the blood of the fallen guards dried in pools on the palace floor. His words of kingship were followed immediately by deep laughter as he yelled, "I am here to save man from his sins!"

FUCKING NAZI

BY: SHAWN SMITH AND TIMOTHY PATRICK



Another shitty Aquilina production that isn't worth sticking up your ass. A film of us taking a dump would be more entertaining.

A lot of people want to know how we got the money to start up **BLACKEST HEART**. Well, we began by selling public-domain copies of horror/genre films. There wasn't a lot of money in it, but it was enough to get us started (and it was hard not to spend all the money on beer). While this may not be the noblest of professions, we did it because we wanted to make hard-to-find movies available to horror fans and to be able to start our own magazine.

Great, do you forgive us? Well, anyway, we weren't making much money off this and it was hard to save up enough for **BLACKEST HEART**. What made it even harder was people ripping us off. Most notably, Steven Aquilina, executive producer of **VIOLENT SHIT I** and **II** and **ZOMBI '90**, ripped us off for \$300 worth of tapes.

You may wonder how this fucking Nazi ripped us off (he owns a video store in Deutschland). Well, he offered us a straight trade: we send him some tapes and he returns the favor by

sending us tapes and magazines. We held up our part of the bargain, but Hitler Jr. never sent us anything. Nothing! No tapes, no mags, no letters. He wouldn't return our phone calls or letters, so there was nothing we could do. If he lived in America like most honest people, we could go to his house and kick his ass, but no, he's busy exterminating Jews for the Third Reich.

We do have one way of getting back at the little weasel (besides writing this article). Due to the nature of the copyright laws, we can offer his films to you for free. We are not selling them, we are giving them away, just send us a blank tape and \$6 for postage and packaging materials. There is no profit involved and we are offering these as collector's items to interested parties. Should you want to keep the copy we send you, contact Mr. Aquilina so that you may pay him the appropriate royalty fees.

Steve Aquilina
Rudolf-Kwau Wegl
2082 Uetersen
Germany

Ph.# (01149) 040 2 50 92 14

We are offering this deal to you because we want everyone to know how shitty Aquilina's films are. They're shot on video, stupid, and they just generally suck. We are confident that once you view these films you will not want to

buy them because they aren't worth your time. (However, if you do not contact Mr. Aquilina and pay the royalty fees, you must erase your copy of the films because otherwise that would be bootlegging, which is illegal.)

If you do call Mr. Aquilina for any reason, you might want to ask him why he continues to rip people off. His current method of crime involves selling American fanzines that are not widely available in Germany for outrageous amounts of money. He sells Chas. Balun's *More Gore Score* for over \$40 in Germany when we can get it for about \$8! This is a ridiculous scam: Chas. and other writers put their work together because they want it distributed to interested readers, they don't want some Sergeant Schultz cocksucker ripping off fans. And there's very little we can do to stop him from re-selling our work. Our magazine and others are available worldwide, but many fans don't know how to get it, so the market is wide open for Brown Shirts like Aquilina to steal from people.

We hope this information helps you to evaluate Aquilina's work and business practices. His garbage isn't worth the tape its filmed on and he's a total prick. Don't waste your time dealing with a no-talent scum bag when you can get high-quality films and magazines direct from the filmmakers and writers.

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TSUI HARK AND NAIVE COMEDY

BY: DAMON FOSTER

In this article I shall try to find out why the fuck so many people like the films of Tsui Hark, Hong Kong's most overrated movie maker. Don't get me wrong, I'm not knocking all of his films; I was definitely a Tsui Hark fan back in 1981. That's when I saw one of his earliest films, **WE'RE GOING TO EAT YOU ALIVE**. This bizarre adventure amused me, even though I was the only white boy in the sleazy Chinatown theater I saw it in. But why do I always, always end up seated next to some old Chinaman with a phlegm problem? Why can't I get a seat next to a Nina Li Chih look-alike who's an uncontrollable nymphomaniac? Regardless, I didn't see another Tsui Hark film until three years later, when his groundbreaking epic, **ZU: WARRIORS OF MAGIC MOUNTAIN** came to Chinatown (no, I didn't go to Chinatown in search of Hark's flicks on either occasion. I've always been a regular at Chinatown theaters and video stores, regardless of what's been released that particular minute). **ZU** was almost as fun as **WE'RE GOING TO EAT YOU ALIVE**, but in the years that followed, I came to be disappointed by everything else the guy cranked out, farces like **ACES GO PLACES 3: OUR MAN FROM BOND STREET**, **PEKING OPERA BLUES**, and the **CHINESE GHOST STORY** trilogy. His films seem to concentrate on sets, FX, and props. An intelligent script in a Hark film is as likely as finding birth control pills at an all-lesbian orgy.

Regardless of my humble, debatable, and often scoffed at opinion, Tsui Hark has more fans than Somalia and Ethiopia have flies. Hark was born in Viet-Nam in 1951. He took to conjuring magic tricks like Cher takes to 18-year-olds. His interest in tricks and illusions

inspired him and his other little friends to make amateur sci-fi fantasies on 8-mm film. In 1966, I guess he got tired of poverty and dog eyeball soup, and left Viet-Nam. He moved to Hong Kong for an education, and in 1969, came to America to further his education at Southern Methodist University. He interrupted his studies there one year later to tour the US. In 1975 he graduated from the film school at the University of Texas. No doubt what he learned at this college explains why, for Chinese films, his flicks are so Americanized. Then he somehow ended up in the Rotten Apple, New York, where he edited a Chinatown newspaper, and developed *The New Art Drama Group*, a community theater club. Until 1977 he was very active in the NY Chinatown's community access TV show. His work on TV continued in 1978, that is, TV stations in Hong Kong. He was busier than a circumsizer at an African tribe's manhood ritual, as he worked at TVP and later CTV, producing and/or directing TV shows like *A House is not a Home*, *The Little People*, *The Gold Dagger Romance*, and *Love Life of the Big Boss*.

His work on China TV inspired and educated him further, so by 1979 he was ready for celluloid! His first was an illusive mystery called **THE BUTTERFLY MURDERS**, but not until **WE'RE GOING TO EAT YOU ALIVE** did anybody stand up and take notice. This macabre tale came out at the tail end of the chop sockey/kung fu movement, and involves many of the same kinds of sets, fights, and martial arts uniforms as in the 1970's martial arts thrillers. The main difference is that for once, the villains are not Japanese or mobsters, but psychotic cannibals! Norman Chu and Eddie

Kou star in the surreal thriller. Hark's next film, **DON'T PLAY WITH FIRE**, was a political, controversial attack on mainland China's politics. It was nearly banned, but it doesn't matter anyway because it was a box office flop.

After **DANGEROUS ENCOUNTER OF THE FIRST KIND** (1980) and **ALL THE WRONG CLUES FOR THE RIGHT SOLUTION** (1981), he made his first major landmark: **ZU: WARRIORS OF THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN** (1983). By this time, he and long-time pal John Woo had hoped to improve the quality of HK films; to have such films shown and loved outside of Asia. While Woo was hard at work on **SUNSET WARRIOR**, Hark created **ZU**. Tired of the bland, low-budget tendencies of HK movie-making, Hark hired American FX technicians to lend a helping hand on **ZU**. Some of these Yankee wizards were involved in crap like **STAR WARS** and the **STAR TREK** movies, and it certainly shows. **ZU: WARRIORS OF THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN**, is an FX-filled, incredibly fast-paced, combination of fantasy, adventure, and childish comedy, which makes the comedy of H. R. Puffinstuff seem adult, intelligent and intellectual. Pathetically naive comedy would later become Hark's trademark. The other thing that **ZU** lacks is a coherent plot.

In 1984, Hark did his best to ruin the **ACES GO PLACES** series. **ACES GO PLACES 3: OUR MAN FROM BOND STREET** gets my vote as the worst of Samuel Hui's otherwise enjoyable spy comedies, despite appearances by American actors Peter Graves and Richard Kiel. Hark couldn't generate as much fun as Eric Tsang, Ringo Lam, or Lau Kar Leung, responsible for the better (to me) **ACES** films. So Tsui got more original by directing 1985's **WORKING**

CLASS, and **SHANGHAI BLUES** (1984), but he again achieved fame with **PEKING OPERA BLUES** (1986). Jesus-fucking-Christ! I hated that film! Is it a comedy? A drama? An action film? I don't know, this tale of rebellious opera

performers is a more effective narcotic than **Actifed**! As the tape played, I had a much more interesting dream: me and my friend Danny went to a river to catch frogs, but when we got there, we discovered there were none. Amazingly, the rest of the Earth's population seems to love **PEKING OPERA BLUES**.

It was also at about this time that Hark gave robotic superheroes a try. **ROBOTFORCE** (a.k.a. **I LOVE MARIA**) was a stupid rip-off of **ROBOCOP**, although the heroic female robot looked more like the thing in **METROPOLIS** and resembled **C3PO**. Hark also starred in this comic caper.

Fortunately, even I enjoyed Tsui Hark's **CHINESE GHOST STORY** trilogy (1987). All three films deal with pretty female ghosts, their relationships with wandering males, and various zombies, FX, and monsters! **PART 1** is great fun. **PART 2** is my personal favorite (because of Jackie Cheung's performance) and **PART 3** offers its share of "ooohs" and "aaaaahs" too. Interesting to note that **A CHINESE GHOST STORY**, though produced by Hark, was directed by Ching Tiu Sung.

Around 1988-1989, film critic Ric Myers announced he was off to HK to do research for some British series called *The Incredibly Strange Film Show*. They were planning episodes geared toward Jackie Chan and Tsui Hark. I thought, "there goes Hark's chic, underground appeal." Sure enough, the Hark episode got viewed by every comic and sci-fi geek this side of the Mississippi. Overrated and over-exposed, Hark had more new fans in America than there are anal rashes in San



*'After this interview
I'm gonna fuck her
ass!'*

Fransissy.

In 1989, Tsui Hark decided that screwing up the ACES GO PLACES genre wasn't enough. Hark had produced a number of pal John Woo's films (including the infamous **TIE KILLER**) so



Woo let Hark bastardize the **A BETTER TOMORROW** series with a 4-hour (well, almost) fiasco called **A BETTER TOMORROW III: DEATH IN SAIGON** (1989). Hark should stick to sword fantasies, not gangster films meant to be distinctly John Woo (ironically, the original camaraderie of **ABT** was based on Woo and Hark's personal friendship!).

Regardless, by this time, Hark's future as an internationally acclaimed director was set! Working 20-hour shifts to make these flicks, the guy seems to make 3 or 4 movies a year! No journalist (not even me) can keep up with him. Perhaps I've already wasted too much of **BLACKEST HEART**'s pages trying to tell you all about this Hark guy!

To make a long story not so long, let's just say that his 1990's films continue the tradition of epic budgets and lame-ass comedy. Get a load of his 1990's work: **SWORDSMAN 1 & 2**; the **ONCE UPON A TIME IN CHINA** trilogy; and **DRAGON INN**. All are period films involving martial arts and acrobatics.

Of all the films, **ONCE UPON A TIME IN CHINA** is important historically, because of its director (King Hu) and main character. King Hu is almost as ancient as history himself, having directed **A TOUCH OF ZEN** in the

1960's, another acclaimed sword-fantasy and the first HK film to win an award at Cannes. The lead character in **ONCE UPON A TIME IN CHINA** is Hwang Fei Hong (1847-1924). He is a factual guy from Chinese history--an accomplished lion dancer, martial artist, patriot and doctor. The first director to make a Hwang Fei Hong film was Hu Peng, who made numerous films about the man starting in 1949. By 1956, there had been 29 "prequels" to **ONCE UPON A TIME IN CHINA**, starring Kwan Tak Hing in the role that Jet Li has made famous among trendy US movie viewers. The three (as yet) Jet Li films have got great martial arts, but too many "suspended wire" FX for my taste.

It would appear that Tsui is guiding the way for a revival of swordplay period films. Personally, I'll take the old days of Chang Cheh and Shaw Bros. any day of the week (except for Friday, when I'm normally so drunk I can't remember all the words of the old 1966 *Batman* theme song).

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THE GUTS OF RIKI-OH

BY: TOM SIMMONS

Yeah, I know you've read lotsa shit about how cool Hong Kong movies are...Too bad, deal with it, 'cause this is something you don't see very often if at all. A mediocre, uneven Japanese OVA (Original Video Animation) series provides the inspiration for a wet and wild, no-holds-barred, live-action Chinese gorefest.

I don't know about you, but I've heard so many people goin' off about how cool the RIKI-OH series is. Some say it's the "best and goriest of the animes," I beg to differ.

(Both episodes are in Japanese with Chinese subtitles, so my plot synopsis may not be entirely accurate.)

Episode one has a great opening sequence in the dark, rain-drenched, retro-future of Yokohama: a lone man clad in a camouflage poncho is attacked by a thug with a knife in the middle of the street. The loner reacts quickly and literally punches the guy's jaw off, whips around, and stops a speeding car with his outstretched fist! He is then attacked by the occupant of the vehicle (although the driver died in the collision), whom the loner dispatches with equal subtlety. Fade to a mugshot of Riki (the loner) and his subsequent incarceration (how the hell did they arrest

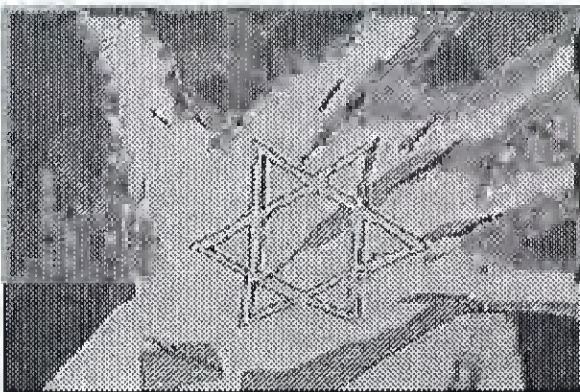
him?). Standard prison melodrama ensues, with the requisite power-plays and the obligatory shower brawl.

For some reason Riki has some weird flashbacks and a Star of David (that's a six-pointed star to all you Semitically illiterate) carved on the back of his right hand that glows whenever he's about to beat something, or someone, to a pultacious mess.

The animation is not really bad, but it ain't great either, and yes there is more bloodletting than your standard prison fare, but I wouldn't call it gore.

The second episode is a science fiction mini-epic that has nothing to do with prisons, but once again Riki is in captivity. Set in a distant future, Riki wanders aimlessly, freaking out an occasional priest, but pretty much keeping to himself until he meets and befriends another wanderer, after which they are attacked by

some Communist military garbed, sword-wielding-type who slices Riki's companion in two, stomps on his guts, and captures Riki, with the help of some mercenaries outfitted with sophisticated electronic headgear, jet packs, and spears (?). How is it that Riki can bust shit up like nothin' you've ever seen, but can get captured and subdued so easily? Anyway, Riki is then forced to fight against his will in deadly



Why the fuck does a Japanese guy have a Star of David on his hand? What is he, a Jew-Jap?

arena brawls against monsters and robots (sounds like a bad Full Moon release). You get the idea.

The animation is on the same quality as the first, but the artwork is much cheesier. Still this episode is definitely more violent and entertaining. As I mentioned before, a guy gets chopped in half, from head to toe, with all of his entrails slopping out; one of the mercs gets his brains and eyes punched out of his head; and there is some other minor flesh rending and blood spurting action.

While this last episode doesn't really suck, it sure ain't **FIST OF THE NORTH STAR**, the most righteously hyper-violent, bad-ass, post-apocalyptic/martial arts/gore anime you'll ever see. No shit. This has got everything from mayhem on the interpersonal level (brains, eyes, teeth, blood and guts are blown sky-high, dozens are literally sliced to ribbons and torn apart, etc.) to massive battles between hundreds of soldiers. This flick is un-fuckin'-believable, the violence quotient even blows away **THE WANDERING KID**!

Another Japanimated gonzo gruefest is **BAOH**, a fast-paced splattery take on **THE GUYVER**. While it clocks in at under an hour and is in Japanese (as usual), it doesn't take but a minute or two before **BAOH** starts racking up an impressive body count. Not only is it far bloodier than **THE GUYVER**, but the animation and artwork is some of the best.

Anyway, after seeing the **RIKI-OH** anime I wasn't too hip on seeing the live-action version. But I shoulda known better...

The Golden Harvest production of **THE STORY OF RICKY** is based on the first episode of the **RIKI-OH** animes, and is an almost identical, scene-for-scene, live-action remake, except for a few differences: the six-pointed star is absent from Ricky's hand, the film opens with Ricky en route to prison (I would have liked to have seen the rad opening sequence of

RIKI-OH done live-action), Ricky isn't as easily captured and subdued, and the chunkage is outstanding!

While it may not be the wall-to-wall carnage that Peter Jackson's new flick **BRAINDEAD** (a.k.a. **DEAD ALIVE**) is, and it's in Chinese, don't let that stop you 'cause this is one of the wettest HK ass-kickers you've ever seen. I guarantee it.

Ricky punches holes in heads and torsos, some schlep trips and pierces his hand and eye on a board full of nails, Ricky knocks some



guy's eye out of his head and then uses the optic sinew to sew up a cut on his arm! Bodies are pierced, a kid gets half of his face sliced off, one guy gets his jaw punched off and his hand socked to pieces, Ricky gets fed razor blades and then spits 'em back in his captor's face. Convinced yet? Minor shit, you say? Well how about this: some poor schemp gets the top half of his head knocked off and his brains spill out, another gets his arm sliced up in an industrial meat grinder, but you ain't lived till you've seen one tough bastard try to strangle Ricky with his own intestines! Not to mention the ending which is an awe-inspiring bloodbath of truly stunning proportions that must be seen to be believed. Honest. This is one of the coolest flicks you'll see this year and is definitely an instant classic.

FAMOUS FUCKHEADS

BY: TIMOTHY PATRICK

When we began preparing for our second issue, I was worried that there wouldn't be enough Famous Fuckheads for me to belittle. But no, the famous do not disappoint, and there are plenty of idiots out there who are so fucking stupid it hurts or who just piss me off. To name a few:

DIONNE WARWICK: She's got a great voice (I don't personally like her music, but she can sing) and fucked-up teeth. I don't have anything against your average buck-toothed bitch, but this lady has lost it. When she was on *Solid Gold*, I didn't think anything of her, and then she fell off the face of the Earth. But now she's back, plugging the *Psychic Friends Network*.

You know those stupid, 30-minute ads they have on when you're stumbling home from a bar, well Dionne stars in one. This *Psychic Friends* thing is another scam to steal money from people who are dumb enough to believe that some turban-wearing gypsy knows the future. Please! If someone really had psychic powers, they wouldn't need this dumb old broad hawking their service, it would sell itself.

Since these phone services are all rip-offs, they do need someone, so Dionne gets on TV with other famous idiots to convince people they need to spend \$3.99 a minute to hear their futures. Now let's just look at that--\$3.99 a minute. If you are terribly insecure about your future and have a lot of questions, the call may take ten minutes, which is \$40! For that much money, you can buy two self-help books that contain infinitely more information or, better yet, you could buy lots of booze and a cheap hooker.

With those alternatives, why bother calling these fuckers. Do you really think the alignment of the stars has any influence on your life? Think about it--it takes the light from the stars billions of years to reach Earth, so whatever power governs them would have to know about your existence billions of years in advance (before man existed).

LAWRENCE WELK (and he's dead): I got this thing in the mail for *Lawrence Welk's Desert Oasis Resort*, oh joy! The deal is, I get to take my wife and kids (I'm twenty-three and single, but he's dead, so how could he know) to Palm Springs and spend five days and four nights at the luxurious resort--FOR ONLY \$69.95!

What a deal! Could it be any better? Why yes, they throw something else in--a mandatory, 90-minute sales pitch for the resort. This is beginning to sound like a time-share scam, Lawrence, what's the deal?

When I read further, I realized it was a time-share scam. Not only would I have to sit through the 90-minute sales pitch, but I can't even go! The fuckers place age and income restrictions on who can visit the resort. Married couples have to be 32-70 years of age and earn at least \$35,000. Single people must be 40-70 and earn at least \$40,000. What gives? Are they discriminating?



'Hurry up and take the picture, I gotta change my diapers!'

Certainly they are. The restrictions are there because they don't want young people like myself going down there, partying, and tearing the place up. They want people who are interested and dumb enough to buy a time-share. This is why there is an income restriction: you have to earn that much to afford one of the time-shares.

Of course this didn't surprise me because I know nothing in life is free, but it still pissed me off. Mr. Fucking Polka King decided to set up some time-share shithole and lure couples there so he can convince them to buy a spot at his resort and put even more money in his pocket (or casket, now). They say the sales pitch is low key, but that's bullshit. A time-share pitch is the most high-pressure sale around. They get in your face, yell and scream, and reduce some people to tears--all under the guise of a free weekend for your family.

I think that's a real nice trick, Lawrence. This guy was liked by the old folks and he took advantage of their trust by tricking them into this scam. Now that he's dead, his family is continuing the tradition of rip-offs in his honor. Fuck the whole inbred clan! If you get one of these things, sign up and go! Lie about your income and age and show up. What are they going to do? Maybe they tell you to go home, but so what, they wasted their time and money setting up their sales pitch and rooms for you.

SALLY STRUTHERS: What the fuck is up this bitch's ass? She has those stupid commercials for starving foreigners, which is bad enough, but she won't quit. I saw an ad in the Sunday paper for *International Correspondence Schools*, and her ugly face was all over the place. I would like to know what kind of person begs for food and pimps correspondence schools at the same time?

She is obviously fucked in the head. Correspondence schools are a waste of money for most people. For one thing, *International*



*'The Ben-Wah
balls in my pussy
are starting to
rust!'*

Correspondence Schools doesn't say whether or not it is accredited in any way. This could be a complete rip-off because if it isn't accredited, the "degree" you get won't mean shit. Besides, when most people sign up for these things they don't finish them and the books just gather dust. Why waste your time; take classes at a community college or something because the units mean something.

Of course, if you're a big Sally Struthers fan you might buy into her bullshit. She claims that she knows how important it is to have a successful career. Yeah, but do you know what it's like to work for a fucking living? Why don't you get a real job and work your ass off. But why hother, you made so much money sucking off Archie and lapping Edith's pussy that you could retire and live easy at forty. Most people don't have that luxury.

Hell, if I had as much money as Sally, I'd probably be able to lie like she does because who cares? She's so rich it doesn't matter if no one believes her bullshit; she still gets paid. Now, she might give all her money to the poor starving kids she claims to help, but that would be too easy. You may notice the thousand-dollar outfits she wears in those ads, not to mention the fact that she's getting pretty heavy. I'm sure it makes the starving natives feel better when some prissy, fat, white chick visits once a year to make a commercial. Why don't you give them some of your food, or your cloths? Why don't you stop flaunting your wealth and

happiness in front of the poorest of the poor, you bitch?

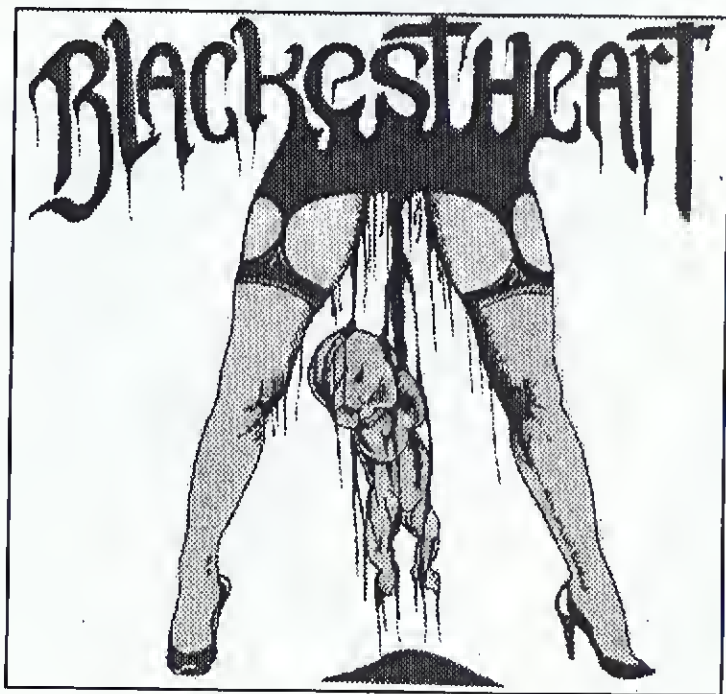
SANDRA BERNHARD: When I heard she was going to pose in *Playboy*, I thought about canceling my subscription. Her teeth are fucked-up beyond belief, she has those nasty lips, and a big fucking nose. Why would *Playboy* want her? They rarely make mistakes with their choices of women, but this certainly was one.

I didn't cancel, and I had to look. How could I resist; I remembered this skanky ho' prancing around and touching herself on *Letterman*, so I had to look. It was the most disgusting thing I've ever seen. I mean, her body is decent, but her face! Oh the horror! And then there's her personality. Obnoxious. Self-centered. Delusional.

Why delusional? Because she considers herself beautiful. She actually wrote in

Playboy that she had her pick of guys, which I doubt because she's a fucking dyke. But that's neither here nor there. I certainly don't mind dykes, especially when they let me watch them lap up each others juices, but I need to know that I have the option of joining in should the occasion arise (so I don't mind bisexuals). I don't think Sandra would oblige. She would probably bite my dick off and eat it. (Rest assured, I don't really want my dick anywhere near her.)

Even if you ignore her questionable sexuality, I want to know who the fuck she is. She had some stupid talk show for about three weeks where she fondled herself and a bunch of other dykes, but who is she? Where did she come from and how can we get rid of her? Is she an actress, a comedienne, a two-bit whore? What? I just don't know, but she disappears for awhile and then comes back--she must be herpes.



CHRISTIAN GORE, GERBIL BOY

BY: SHAWN SMITH AND TIMOTHY PATRICK

Hypocrites suck...Christian Gore swallows.

As the hot jism slides down Gore's throat, we'll update you on what a fucking prick he is. Why do we have something against him? Because he's a fucking prick.

Anyway, in our first issue we wrote about what a jerk Gore was for attacking gore fanatics and making shitty movies. Now, we are going to attack him for being a hypocrite and liar.

Gore claims to be against bootleggers and he attacks them any way he can. This is interesting because Gore is himself a bootlegger. When Sam Raimi gave Gore a copy of **ARMY OF DARKNESS** for review, Gore promptly gave copies to friends (one of whom is in *Gwar*). Interesting because now copies of **ARMY OF DARKNESS** are all over the place. And where did they come from? Why the piss palace called **FILM THREAT** magazine.

Great, he attacks bootleggers and snitches on them, hut he does it himself. Hypocrite. Actually, he doesn't always snitch on bootleggers. When the **GUINEA PIG** series was the big rage, Gore wanted to see a copy so he bought one off Chas. Balun (**HE BOUGHT A BOOTLEG COPY OF GUINEA PIG**). Then, when Gore found out he couldn't get the rights to **GUINEA PIG**, he gave a copy to Charlie Sheen, telling him it was an authentic snuff film, and had him call the FBI on Chas. and Steven Bissette. What a fucking crybaby; when he couldn't get the rights he started telling (or having others tell because his ball sac is so small and shriveled his mom can't find it when she wants to jack junior off) people to rat on bootleggers.

What is the fucking point? There was no chance for Gore to get the rights, so he had no

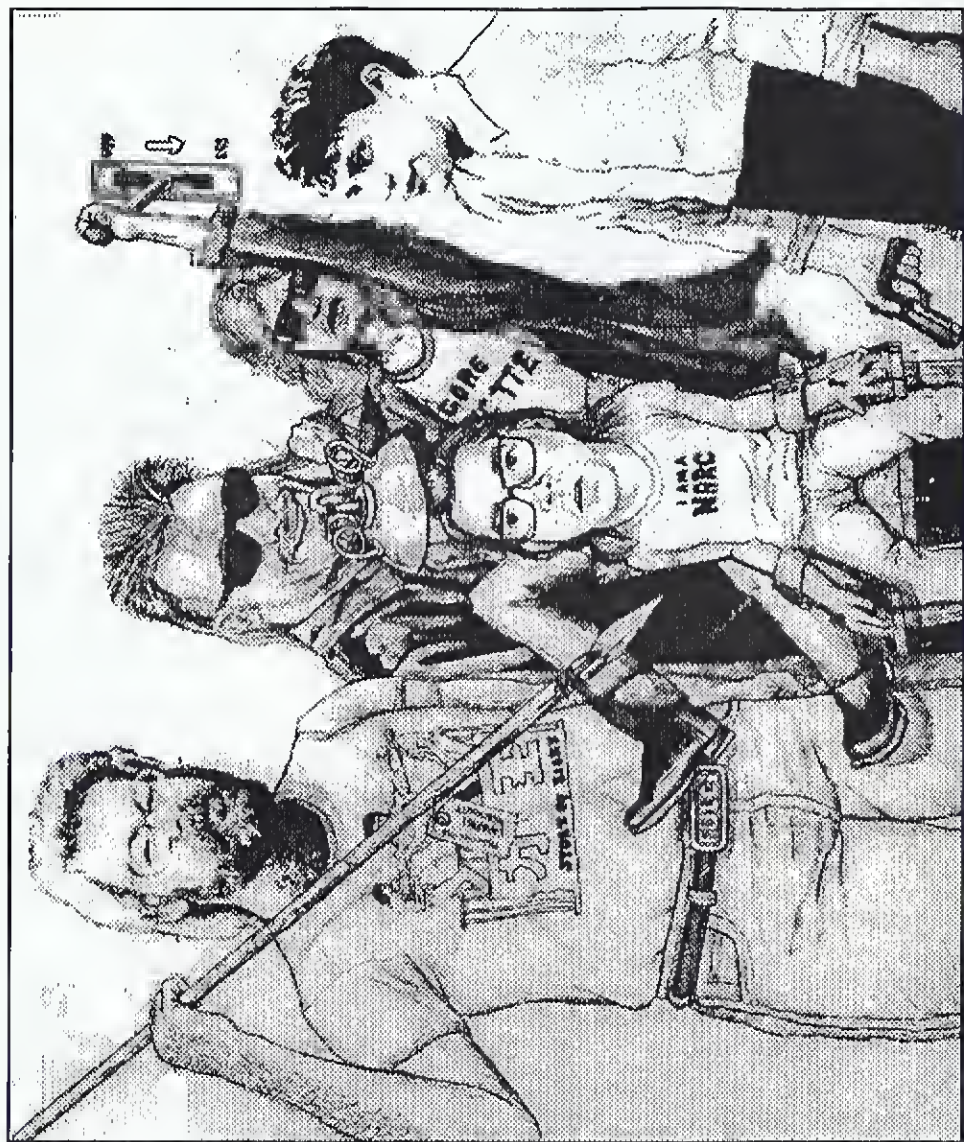


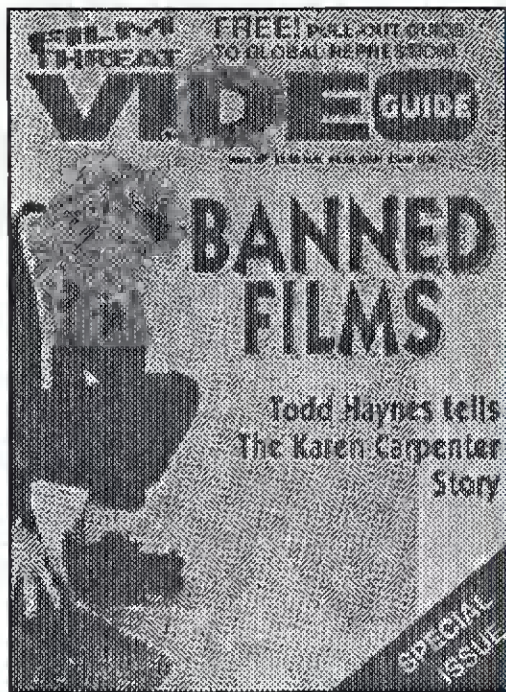
*Stop cruelty to animals! Don't buy
FILM THREAT!*

business telling (or having others tell because he lost his penis on the way to the incest survivors meeting) on anyone--there was nothing for him to gain.

In retrospect, this attitude doesn't surprise us. Gore is a big fucking crybaby who stabs people in the back whenever he can't get his way. Well, we stab in the front, motherfucker. Our names are on this article and if Gore has something to say about it, he can talk to us.

Another example of his running home to mommy so she can spank his pee pee with a rolling pin is how he dealt with Rick Sullivan,





Sucks!

the man with the oldest fanzine around (GORE GAZETTE). Sullivan ran a picture of Gore and his fondle friend David E. Williams sucking each other off on the roadside (you know, a picture like they have in history books--stuff that actually happened). Instead of going off on Sullivan in print, Gore got a copy of his movie list and ratted him out for selling an old, crappy copy of a Russ Meyer flick. Once again, what's the point? Gore didn't have the guts to confront Sullivan so he snitched.

Why does he do this? Does the hamster hanging out of his ass distract him?

We don't know why because Gore has bought bootlegs and his magazine accepted advertisement for them. When the ROB LOWE video and GO GO'S video came out, there were ads selling them in FILM THREAT. For someone against bootlegging, Gore was awful anxious to take the advertising money from

known bootleggers. Hypocrite. Of course, this makes sense because Gore needs the money to pay his tab at the pet store.

What else has he done? Besides supporting child pornography? That's right. In an early issue of FILM THREAT, one of his reviewers discussed a certain movie that he admitted "contained elements of child pornography." Not only that, but this movie was advertised in FILM THREAT. When a reader purchased it and wrote in to complain that FILM THREAT would allow its advertisers to sell child pornography, Gore responded by saying "Read the First Amendment!" What an answer. In case Gore wasn't aware, child pornography is a felony, but when you grow up with it (in your own home) you get desensitized, so give him a break.

No, we can't. We write some degrading things, but we don't go out and rape babies up the ass. Maybe Gore does. Maybe that's why he defends theses "movies." But we cannot because things like that are bad shit and they don't do anyone any good.

So see him for what he is: a fucking hypocrite and a crybaby. He screams out against things he himself does. He runs off and tattles whenever someone says something bad about him (usually under someone else's name so he won't get caught). And he spends his every waking moment damaging the horror genre with his musty asshole of a magazine called FILM THREAT.

If you agree with us, don't bother writing FILM THREAT because they thrive off hate mail. Hit them where it hurts. Cancel your subscription and demand your money back. Never buy a copy of his shit rag (if there's something in it you want to read, tear out the pages). HIT HIM IN THE POCKETBOOK. It's the only way his backers are going to get the message that we're tired of his shit and we don't want him around anymore.

RETRIBUTION

BY: KIEL ALEXANDER

With tears in his eyes: To sleep, perchance to dream. To dream it all away...

It crouched in the shadows, flesh glistening, defining its shape and girth in the abstract. It tensed, wary, tentative. What to do next? The choices were twofold: stand and be counted. Or wait.

Kelvin thought it thought it was a dream it was a dream a dream until he opened he opened his eyes eyes. And screamed. It pounced on him, reacting to the harsh aural shock as if it had been stricken. The scream had served as confirmation of its existence. It had denied its own validity until the moment its bulk was viewed by another. Verification via the scream. It clamped a huge talon over Kelvin's mouth, trying to contain the noise. Its moist talon smelled of babies and laughter. Of sunshine and warm sheets. And hope.

Wrenched from the dreams of a child, it had somehow incorporated, in the realm of reality, substance. Mass. It had somehow manifested into the ultimate flesh-made bogeyman. And yet, beyond the initial shock, Kelvin was not afraid. Fascinated maybe, but not afraid. He felt a strange kinship toward the beast, something he was not accustomed to feeling in his everyday life. He felt close to no one--

"Kelvin, goddamn it..." The bedroom door abruptly swooshed open, thumping loudly against the wall. Kelvin's father trailed the voice, stumbling into the room. Drunk as usual. He flicked on the light switch.

"You little fuckOHSHITWHATTHE--" Sober.

The beast, *Kelvin's beast*, clamped its powerful talon around his father's throat like a

vice. Its other talon slammed the door shut behind him. Kelvin's father took in the grim scenario with a clarity belying his previously doused condition. With painful lucidity, his eyes focused on the beast that held him in check, all teeth and muscle, and the wide-eyed boy hugging his knees, rocking to a rhythm only he heard.

"We've had enough, *father*." Through saliva dripping fangs, the beast spewed the statement, Kelvin's father, visibly shaken, drenched his undershorts. "We've had enough of your abuse, *father*." Sarcastic. Kelvin continued to rock himself, mute in observance; the beast was now his tongue, speaking from *his* heart. Expressing the vehemence, anger, and pain that throbbed with every beat of his aching heart.

The beast shuffled toward the end of Kelvin's bed, all the while dragging his father with it. Kelvin's father gasped for air as the beast roughly managed him over its knee. It raised a fisted talon over its head, bringing it down full force on the soft buttocks; his legs squirmed in protest. Again, it raised its fisted talon, *spanking* with intensity and conviction. And exuberance. Kelvin now hugged a pillow as he rocked, attentively taking in the action. His father looked back, pleading with his eyes for compassion. Or at least restraint. Kelvin's expression remained oblivious, except for the possible glimmer of contentment within the eyes. Compassion was foreign to him, something he'd never experienced. Why should it be considered as an option now?

Again, the talon crashed onto the jiggling flesh, pummeling the flabby buttocks. Again, muscles tearing, blood splatting, colon



ruptured. Again, bones snapping like twigs under heavy heels. Again, shredding, intestines yanked through the hamburger of flesh and muscle, indecipherable organs flung against the wall; pieces of the internal jigsaw puzzle

painting the white walls red, thick and dripping.

Again, the body limp, unresponsive. A hideous cavity excavated *into* the human body, all frayed edges and raw meat. Excavated with love.

Kelvin woke woke, face still face still moist from the tears the tears tears, his tiny body tiny body shivering in its own its own sweat. In the shadows of his mind, he sensed what had transpired. *Not* a dream. Not exactly. His nostrils sniffed death. In the shadows of the room, he sensed *its* presence. He was not afraid. Moreso, he was relieved.

"Thank you," he blurted, the only words he could conjure to express his gratitude.

Conjure, like he did the beast.

Laughter filled the room, reverberating in robust, contemptuous tides. *Wrong* laughter. Fear bloomed in Kelvin's belly: Butterflies and rattlesnakes. A trickle of urine. If father were here he would whip him. But father...

But...

Massive, its bulk shifted, so much more imposing now that he was awake. So much *more*. Shadows swarmed, looming ominously as it approached the bed. Approaching Kelvin. In the small room, the length of its arm was quite long enough to reach behind it and click on the light switch.

In a flash of light--clarification. The room was a slaughterhouse. Kelvin choked, sucking in the acrid stench, nausea tickling his trachea. The morbid landscape fueled his revulsion. Strewn throughout the room, the remains of a massacre: a limb by the closet door; a gutted torso perched like a trophy atop a chair; unknown anatomical debris hanging from curtain rods, resting in window sills, clinging stickily to walls. The blood coated walls and carpet. A slaughterhouse. He would have cherished the situation, even welcomed it, under normal circumstances. These were definitely not normal circumstances. Not with this beast (his beast?) towering above him.

Wide as the door, head scraping the ceiling, grimacing, all teeth and gnarled muscle, flesh glistening in bruised hues of yellow and purple. Imperfect, and yet so appropriate, so indicative

of its allegiance, thought Kelvin. For he knew this was not *his* beast, his dream savior. It directed Kelvin's gaze toward the top of a dresser adjacent to his bed, upon which sat half of his father's head, cracked like an egg, staring one-eyed at him. Staring into his soul.

Kelvin turned, avoiding the stare, only to confirm his suspicions. At the foot of his bed, the disemboweled remains of his beast--his alter ego--lying silent as a wish. Kelvin closed his eyes, trying to wish it all away, trying to *conjure* an exit from this nightmare. But he was too late. He physically pinched himself, to no avail. The calluses of a thousand beatings had rendered him numb.

Underneath closed lids: tears. Some things never change.

The beast leaned closer to him; he shivered. Its hreath coiled around him, stinking of alcohol and bitterness. And anticipation.

"It's time for your whipping, you little *fuck*." The words were mangled by the prodigious, teeth cluttered maw of the beast. Teeth like daggers--words to match. Words Kelvin had heard many times before. Words he had had branded on his soft gray matter, and will now have branded on his flesh. Tattooed. Or even worse...

His father's words.

Kelvin clenched his lids like futile fists. There was no victory to be had here, no compassion or even restraint. Why should there be? His wishes had been fulfilled: his father was no longer around to abuse him. But, of course, that did not mean that *he* had cornered the market on wish fulfillment.

It towered above him, this other beast, his father's ugly alter ego. He knew there were no merciful resolutions pumping through its veins. Only death. He welcomed the end with dry eyes, and one final request.

That it would be swift.

NO SANITY, NO BUDGET--TRYING TO JUMPSTART THE GENRE WITH CHEAP CABLES

BY: ROBERT O'BRIEN

Everything had come together. The prosthetic body came out better than I thought it would, the actress is willing to work as long as the shot takes, my less than skeletal crew is pepped, and my parents are vacationing in Florida. See, what I'm doing is filming my first movie. A werewolf movie. To do the shot depicting the wolf's first victim we needed to dig a sizable hole in my parents' lawn to hide the girl's real body. Only her arms and head will be showing. From the neck down she will be a ravaged, gutted duplicate body filled with meat and yummy Karo-blood.

Now my parents are more than reasonable...BUT, I am positive that this destruction of a beloved family environment would not have gone quite as smoothly had they been present.

Smiling, I lay out all the equipment and supplies we're going to need before it's time to pick up Linda, my actress in this scene. Then (of course) the dark and inevitable black cloud settled over the proceedings. The plaster ribcage for the body didn't brave the journey from my apartment too well. In fact the remains would have looked right at home at the base of a chalkboard. I considered my options:

1. RESCHEDULE THE FILMING AND MAKE A NEW RIBCAGE.

2. MAKE THE BEST OF WHAT I'VE GOT AND DO SOME IMPROVISING.

Well, my actress is under age so I had to get her parents' permission to include her in on the fun. But once her mom got a look at me I think she decided I was Satan incarnate and she began

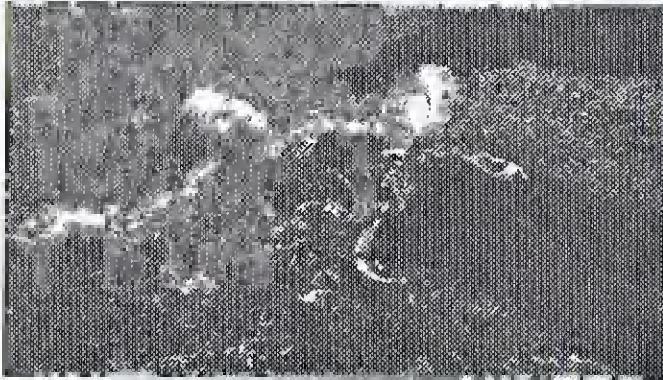
making it increasingly difficult to film her daughter. An abort of the day's filming might mean losing her altogether, effectively killing all of the completed footage that leads up to this scene. NO!! We would press on! "But what about the ribcage Bob?" my production assistant/cameraman/

actor/all around helper kinda guy Brian asked. Perhaps the wolf was really hungry?

I made an emergency search for suitable building materials. Nearly all my supplies were back at the apartment. Then that ever-rare event occurred. I had an idea! A semi-empty pizza box, some Scotch tape, and acrylic paint were utilized in a way I'm sure my favorite foodstop, Julio's Pizza, had never envisioned.

* * * * *

Allow me to explain how this craziness all began. About five years ago I was hired to do makeup effects on a tiny local film with a



A victim of a werewolf attack in ON ALL FOURS

minuscule hudget. While I was working on the project I thought, "Man, I could do that. Why don't I write down this dream movie that's been sailing around in my head and do it myself?"

The next thing you know the film I was working on was scrapped completely. The director informed me that the two kids that played the leads decided to quit so they could do a school play instead. They felt that it would ruin any chance they had at careers as serious actors if they did a horror movie (Thanks, you little jerkoffs!). The director had also already paid them, but he hadn't gotten around to having them sign their contracts yet. Well duh!

I figured this is my chance. All right, it looked easy enough. Just plan everything out carefully, get dependable people to get involved and work for free, get some more dependable people to invest some money into it... This story had been evolving in my head for over a year. I would set incredible standards for myself like: I must try to top the transformation scenes from *AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON* and *THE HOWLING*. I was prepared to make the werewolf movie I had wanted to see all my life. Unfortunately, no one bothered to inform me that I was in desperate need of a Reality Check!

Throughout the experience I was constantly stunned at just how ludicrous my original perception of the filmmaking process was. No one around here was even vaguely interested in investing money in a horror movie directed by a 19-year-old kid. When I priced buying or renting camera equipment I got a real sinking feeling. By now though I was in a creative frenzy! I convinced my father to let me pilfer his video equipment. I reasoned that I would make up for the lessened picture quality by giving people a better quality of everything else. I wrote out the script, forced everyone I know to audition for it and got things rolling. What a learning experience! I can honestly say

that had I known how difficult it was going to be I probably wouldn't have even made an attempt. Now here I am, a few months from completion and I couldn't be happier that I stuck it out.

I went through a period of doubt where I wondered, "Will it be any good?" but my buddy Damian told me to chill out. He said, "Just do the best you can because that's all anyone can do. Then at least you can say you tried." You see, I'm not

one of those assholes who makes horror movies cause it's the easiest and cheapest way to break into the business. I'm a horror movie junkie! I'm making this thing as a labor of love. And I wanted to make a movie that would make people that love horror



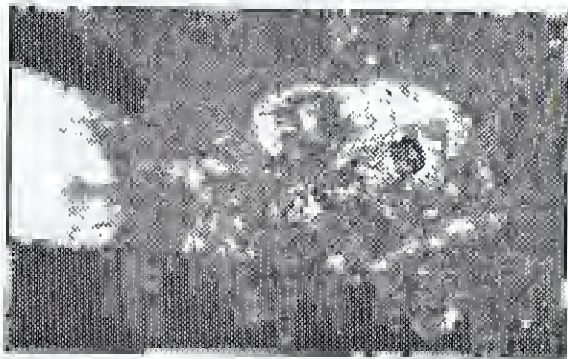
*ON ALL FOURS creator
and star Bob O'Brien*

go crazy. Not another intelligence-insulting-faceless-teenagers-getting-stalked hunk of shit. And **NO STUPID ONE-LINERS!!!** Personally, I pray when I walk into the video store that I'm accidentally going to discover another *EVIL DEAD* or *RE-ANIMATOR* or *BAD TASTE*. Why don't guys like Quentin (*RESERVOIR DOGS*) Tarantino make genre movies? For every worthwhile flick there's around forty worthless ones you have to sit through to find it.

I don't know how my filming techniques will be received, but I'm trying my best to make a flick that'll say something new (or at

least say something old in a new way). I know I want to be scared again. I want to see a good story (remember those?), realistic action (Hey Van Damme! People die when you kick them dead in the face ten times in a row. Just thought someone should tell you.), believable acting, and UNCUT GORE!!! I have more than a few choice words for the MPAA too, but Shawn and Tim are probably taking care of that in another article.

I named the film (tape) **ON ALL FOURS**. Sounds like a good smut film huh? The hardest part about filming was learning to pick out the sissies on sight and get them the hell out of my face. Filming with no budget (just every penny



I make) is a down-and-dirty job. It's like you go to war against all the problems that could and usually do occur. It can be such a hassle to get even the simplest shot completed completely. I can be a little (Did he say little?) difficult at times and the people who helped me make this happen to deserve Purple Hearts for putting up with my shit.

Of course we also had moments of amusement. When we needed to film scenes involving police (Who generally look at someone like me and instantly proclaim me guilty) we would go to the police station and I would stand the guys I've got playing cops in front of the parked squad cars and quickly read their lines. If we needed shots of the squad cars with their lights on we would throw bacon

strips at the station till they chased us and film them through the back window of my car. I got to practice my surfing skills by crouching on the hoods of cars so I could get shots of the actors while they were driving. And I was nearly arrested when the local college found blood all over the doors of their main building. Thankfully the lab guys were able to determine the difference between syrup and that good ol' life juice.

Stunt doubles was not a luxury I could afford so I got to do my own stunts and those of anyone else I could double for. I got to find out how it feels to have someone stand on my head in the middle of a parking lot (Something that I had always been curious about) and kick my uncle's teeth out. Hey, it was an accident. I don't even remember all those terrible things he did to me when we were kids.

I made a film that features a guy that wants to be a werewolf (No Nashy this guy). Basically, I took some of my beliefs about what a screwed up place we're living in and based the lead character on them. Hopefully the film and its inhabitants will have some depth. If people wind up getting some genuine scares out of this I will have achieved one of the goals I set for myself. What's that? What was the other goal? No? Not to make Pennsylvania the new film capital of the world (Although that would be pretty cool). One of the main characters gets killed and I wanted to make the most realistic, gut-churning, sickening demises ever filmed. Did I do it? It was nothing compared to the scene when my parents came home and found a grave-size hole in their yard!

So check it out. Let me know what you think, too. Cause I made it for us.

Author's note: If you worked on this film at one time or another and wondered if maybe you were one of the sissies I referred to...you probably are.

ALIEN REGURGITATION: THE COMPLETE ALIEN COLLECTION

BY: TOM SIMMONS

It's been 14 years since *ALIEN* premiered and Ridley Scott brought about a turning point in the genre in 1979. Horror films of the seventies were still rehashing tired slasher plots (kicked off in the sixties by Charlie Manson), *TWITCH OF THE DEATH NERVE* (1972), *THE HILLS HAVE EYES* (1977), and *HALLOWEEN* (1978), just to name a few (and these were overhauled again in 1980 with *FRIDAY THE 13TH* for yet another slew of slashers). The science-fiction genre of the same period was seeing nicer and cuter entries such as *STAR WARS* (1977), *CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND* (1977), and ultimately *E.T.* (1982), the most saccharine of them all.

Scott's film reinvented both the science-fiction and the horror genres, even though he liberally borrowed from other films to create his gothic sci-fi epic. Films such as *IT! THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE* (1958) and Mario Bava's *PLANET OF THE VAMPIRES* (1965) provided the inspiration for Dan O'Bannon's screenplay and H.R. Geiger's painting *Necronom IV* provided the inspiration for Carlos Rambaldi's creature.

While *ALIEN* was a montage of derivations, it assembled them in a unique way, creating an original experience. In '79 this experience stunned critics and audiences alike, and attracted viewers that usually didn't frequent genre offerings. Those who did, however, noticed several things fundamentally different about this film, than the previous science-fiction films. For one, the characters were blue-collar average Joes, not heroes. These people were

mainly concerned with their wages, good food, and getting out of extra work. They bitch, grumble, and gripe. They aren't looking to free the Galaxy from the iron grip of some asthmatic overlord and his Evil Empire, or learn about extra-terrestrial life-forms, they just want to put in their time and go home. The dialogue and acting reflect this (even though this was not very popular with some critics, it's original). Also in keeping with this realistic approach are the interiors of the *Nostromo*, these rooms, aside from being dimly lit (and in one instance having rattling chains hanging from the ceiling) are very functional looking; blocky and monochromatic in design, as opposed to the bright, colorful rounded edges of the sci-fi of the time (such as *STAR TREK*).

It also introduced the public to the designs of Swiss surrealist H.R. Geiger, whose first film project was to be designing the sets for Alejandro Jodorsky's mid-seventies production of *DUNE*, until financing fell through (yet investors came all over themselves to pay for David Lynch's mega-flop).

Geiger's mesmerizing concepts are the main reason for the torrential flood of imitations and rip-offs, some of the best being Roger Corman's *GALAXY OF TERROR* (1981) with James Cameron providing the production design and second unit direction; a cool British gorefest alternately known as *HORROR PLANET* and *INSEMINOID* (1981, now available in and uncut 93-minute print through, ahem, underground video services); and two more Corman films, *FORBIDDEN WORLD* (1984) with

a projectile vomiting alien, and **CREATURE** (1984) that rips-off the 1951 version of **THE THING** as well.

Until recently the only way to see **ALIEN** was at revival theater (if you live in a city big enough to have them) or rent CBS/Fox's amazingly shitty home-video transfer, that is so dark, muddy, and washed-out that the intricate sets and FX are all but obliterated, not to mention the fact that only a third of the frame is visible due to the full-screen cropping.

Thank Belial for friends in low places, 'cause now there's a new stunningly crisp, clear print that not only is a knockout wide-screen version but also runs a full 16 minutes longer! Burn that fucked-up CBS/Fox print. This one has lots of additional footage including the oft-rumored scene in which Ripley, with flame-thrower and cat, is running through the Nostromo to reach the self-destruct mechanism and en route runs into a room where Dallas (Tom Skerritt) and Bret (Harry Dean Stanton) have been cocooned and impregnated. This scene is very cool but slows down the breakneck pace of the end sequence and was subsequently deleted.

Other restored scenes help spackle up the plot holes. An alternate bit shows Bret, while looking for Jones the cat, comes toe-to-, uh, claw with the creature and is grabbed by the brain box and is dragged up into an air shaft while Ripley and Parker (Yaphet Kotto) look on in horror. This explains how, in the following scene, Ripley knew it was using the ventilation shafts and Parker knew that "this thing" was "big." The aforementioned scene was re-shot to Bret getting his brain punched out of his skull by the alien's inner jaws, after the "cocoon" scene was dropped.

While there is no extra gore, there are so many extra scenes, the transfer is so good and it is letterboxed, that for any serious collector or fan this is a must.

Ridley Scott moved on to other projects

after that, not liking to repeat himself. But the concept of doing a sequel was kicked around for many years until James Cameron fresh of his **RAMBO: FIRST BLOOD PART II** screenwriting stint (yes, he's the guy responsible for starting the macho, boneheaded war fantasy trend of the mid-to-late '80's) was asked by producers



Sigourney Weaver with an alien in her chest and Sinead O'Connor between her legs.

Gordon Carrol, David Giler, and Walter Hill to produce a treatment based on a storyline they called **RIPLEY AND THE SOLDIERS**. Trying too hard to capitalize on his successes (**RAMBO** and **THE TERMINATOR**) and to put his directorial debut, Roger Corman's **PIRANIA II: THE SPAWNING** (1981, which has recently been repackaged to promote this), behind him, Cameron produced a treatment imaginatively entitled **ALIEN II**, which was immediately approved by 20th Century Fox and the producers.

In the summer of '86 **ALIENS** premiered with much fanfare. Cameron had broadened the appeal of the sequel by adding a third element to the sci-fi/horror blend--hard action. Audiences were blown out of their seats and critics praised its technical brilliance. Yes, the action was hot and the FX spectacular, but the basic storyline was simplistic and relied a lot on gimmicks (Newt is merely an icon used to easily create suspense by placing her in jeopardy, and Ripley became more androgynous so that audience members of both sexes could identify with the character). All right, enough nit-picking.

When it came time for the dipshits at CBS/Fox to transfer the film to video, thankfully, they did a professional job, but the special-edition laser disc leaves it choking in the dust. The print is clean, sharp, letterboxed and has an extra 17 minutes of drop-dead awesome footage (some dealers claim to have a print with 22 extra minutes, but they're fulla shit). These additional scenes restore the film nigh unto perfection. One of the best of the added scenes is a great sequence near the beginning that shows how the colony got "infected" and how Newt's parents were responsible for it. This sequence, as with all the others, was trimmed for time considerations, but is important because it gives a view of life on LV-426 before the invasion of the aliens and the subsequent arrival of the Marines, thus giving the scenes in

which the soldiers inspect the ruined, desolate "Hadley's Hope" added impact.

Other restored scenes include a bit where Ripley is sitting on a bench in the middle of what seems to be a park, but when Carter Burke (Paul Raiser) enters the scene, Ripley clicks off the projected image with a remote control. Burke then shows her a picture of her daughter, taken before he death, at a ripe old age.

The coolest bit is a jaw-dropping, auto-cannon sequence, that was included in the extended televised print. These scenes help seal up a nagging plot hole: after the Marines get their first ass-whuppin' and the first drop ship takes a dirt-dive, they hole-up inside the complex. Now in the standard cut the aliens pop down on them through the ceiling without even *trying* to get through the doors. In this new cut the Marines set up some computer-controlled, recoilless rifles in the hallway in front of the doors, and these fuckers kick ass! Many an alien is blown into gooey green chunks until they figure out how to get around them.

As if the extra footage isn't enough, there is a special *Collector's Section* that has everything you ever wanted to know about **ALIENS**, and even a bunch of stuff that you didn't. Everything from pre-production right through to the promotion of the finished film. This section has interviews with Cameron; FX test shots; storyboards; unused and alternate scenes from the treatment; different title logos; original conceptual art by Syd Mead (!), Ron Cobb, and James Cameron; production stills; and *tons* more! It's almost enough to make me forgive CBS/Fox for their inept transfer of **ALIEN** (as well as many other great films). Almost.

This past summer the coup de grace was delivered to the once-great series, along with the tag line: "The bitch is back." I assume they were referring to the alien.

ALIEN³ (catchy title, huh?) was a much-

anticipated, heavily promoted 80-million-dollar waste of celluloid. Helmed by British rock video director and first-time film director David Fincher, who in typically stodgy Limy fashion, seems to be keen on long-winded rhetoric and uninterested in adventure, excitement, and new ideas. The concept for the film was bad from the beginning. The idea was to forgo the rockin' hell-bent attitude of the previous sequel and (no, not come up with a new one) pretentiously hark back to the "lurking horror," single-alien-type of picture that the first one was (never go back, always go forward).

The rather sloppy setup goes like this: Ripley, Newt, Hicks, and Bishop (or what's left of him) crash land on the prison planet Fiorine, after their hyper-sleep chambers are ejected from the Sulaca due to an electrical fire started by a facehugger (watch *ALIENS* and you tell me if those chambers look like they could eject). Okay, whatever. Now get this: This facehugger hides itself away in the escape vessel with the chambers, so when the vessel crashes and the residents of "Fury 1" inspect the wreckage the lil' sucker (no, it doesn't immediately latch onto someone's face, it) escapes and waits until it gets the only dog on the planet alone and grabs it! Ripley is the only survivor of the crash, naturally, and pushes the resident doc (who, of course, has a checkered past) to perform an autopsy on Newt (but, for some reason not Hicks), just to make sure. Then the prisoners, who resent Ripley's presence in the first place, start turning up dead or missing and she has to go through the tiresome bullshit of trying to get the stubborn boneheads in charge to believe her tall-tale of an undiscovered, hostile organism with acid for blood (sound familiar, it's the boardroom scene from Part Two all over again...ZZZZZZZZZZ).

Now there is no way to top the original film, this is a given. And if you can't top the original film, when making a sequel, you have to take the basic concept in a different direction.

James Cameron apparently understood this when he made *ALIENS*. What is the point of bringing Ripley back a *third* time (aside from box office draw)? There are so many different directions that a sequel could go: find the alien homeworld; have Newt grown up and Hicks a bitter, crazy war vet (as in the superlative *Dark Horse* comics); have an alien invasion of a Syd Meadesque future earth. But don't rehash. It was a real stretch to bring Ripley back to deal with the aliens a second time, much less a third. One of the most confused plot elements had to do with the facehugger and Ripley's impregnation. When did she get impregnated? If it was during hyper-sleep how come there wasn't a dead facehugger in the chamber?

This time out the screenplay was written by two of the producers (always a mistake), David Giler and Walter Hill, along with Larry Furguson, and is riddled with clichés and stereotypes (kind, dryly humorous doctor; mean, fat warden; evil "company" reps; etc.). What I want to know is who was responsible for all the martyr shit? The whole film is basically an allegory (now stay with me here): Ripley (Christ) is trying to save the (souls of the) unwashed masses who believe in (a) God, but not (in) her, from the Alien (Satan). Pretty simple, really. This interpretation is partially backed up by the constant religious dialogue and symbolism. Particularly two scenes at the end of the movie: when Ripley finds out that she has been impregnated with a queen alien (how does she know that it's a queen?) embryo, she asks the resident spiritual leader (and Malcolm X wanna-be) to kill her while doing a crucifix pose on a chain-link fence. The other bit is the finale when she kills herself for the salvation of mankind by falling backwards, with arms outstretched--her body shaped like a cross--into a vat of molten lead.

On top of everything else, this film is limited in the scope of its boiler room-like surroundings, weighed down by uninspired



BLACKEST HEART's idea for the next ALIEN movie.

dialogue, and has a ridiculous climax; the whole pretentious mess collapses in on itself.

This film has been the subject of more conversation than it's worth, since before it premiered, but I guess I should be fair and mention a few of its good points (this'll be quick).

Probably the best aspects of the film are the new alien design and the point-of-view shots of

the alien chasing down some of the prisoners at the end of the film. The creature design by Alec Gillis and Tom Woodruff, Jr. is a good variation on the original (almost as good as Stan Winston's). While they claim that it is closer to the original *Necronom IV* painting than Carlos Rambaldi's alien, it is not, but the four-legged, sepia-toned variation is cool.

Of course if you read the *ALIEN*³ screenplay written by Eric Red in '89, back when Renny Harlin was slated to direct, you would see just how ludicrous it could have been (although I would have loved to see all the different alien crossbreeds, particularly the alien-mosquito!). This is recommended reading, however, because even though it is really stupid, it is highly entertaining.

If you want to make your *ALIEN* collection complete there's the original cut that is letterboxed and has more blood, extra footage of Newt's autopsy, and doesn't have the insert shot of the alien embryo popping out of Ripley's chest as she's taking the Nestea plunge at the end (apparently the studio thought that the ending needed to be punched up, if you'll excuse the pun).

I guess this franchise needs another bomb to go out with a whimper. Currently being considered for production are *ALIEN VS. PREDATOR* (based on the *Dark Horse* comics) and *ALIENS: EARTH HIVE*. Hopefully, whichever direction it goes, it turns out better than this last one. But then again, how could it be any worse?

BIG AL'S BEER REVIEW #5

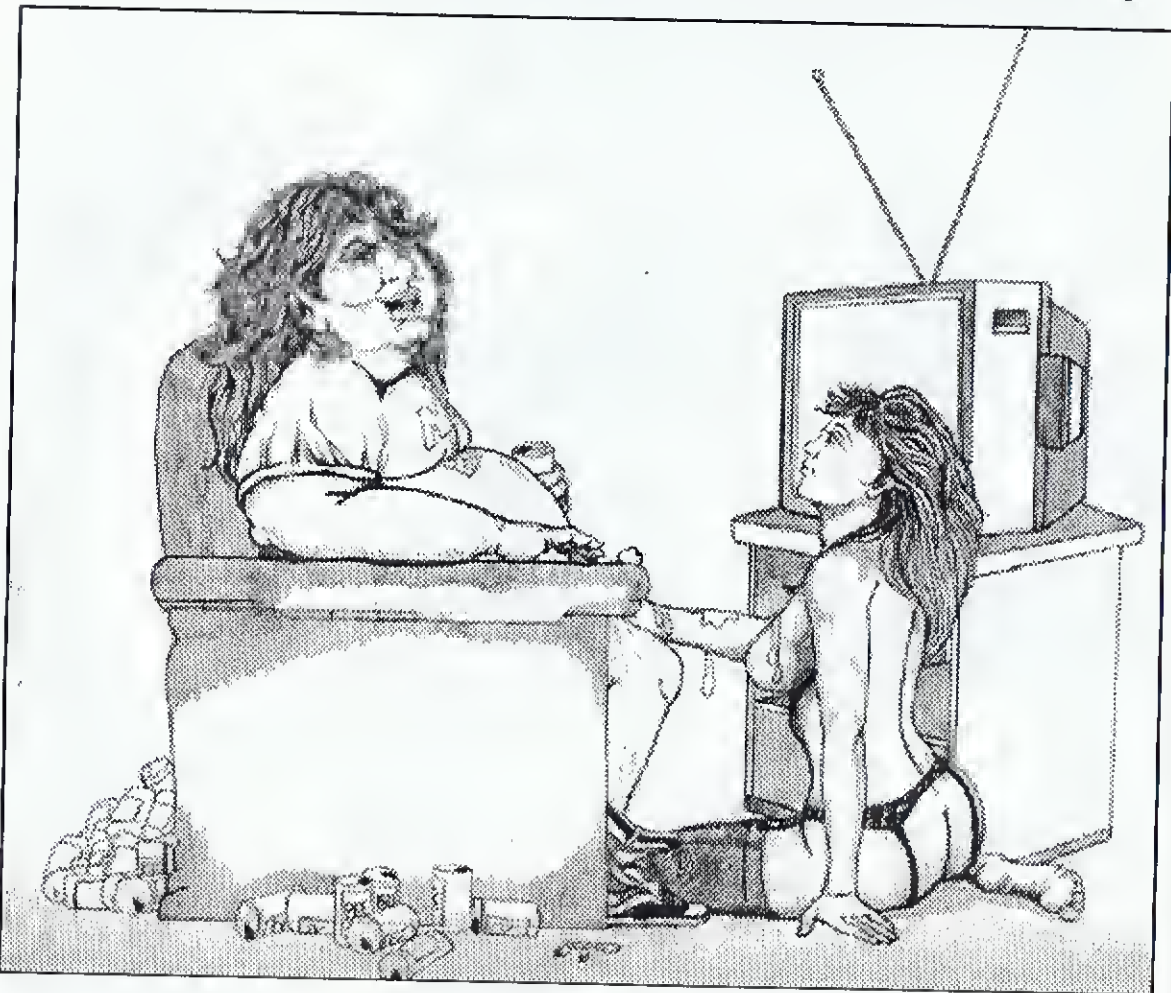
BY: AL (ME)

Kine them fucking bnottles up bitch. That's right, Im fucking drunk and I fucking like it.

I't's bee coors tonight and thast/s pretty good. I started out with a Becks, that's German for drink until you puke. then I started drinking

coors. tshat's okay because both beers are brewed by a bunch of fucking nazia. But hwo cares!@ As lons as the beer statse goog@

Nine fuckin inch nails (half as long as my cock) This isn't meant to last, this is for right



Al, livin' the American dream.

nowe./ Fucking right. We all die, soon.

Do 'n't worry about death, the devil will be there to take your soul

Well, my head is swimin and I need a bithc. I was at Target the other day, and there was some nice lookin' meat haniging around. And there was trhsi 12-year-old girl following me around, so I fucker hewr shitere. Just kiddin, it would be illegal to have intercoures wit her, so I jammed my coke down her throat.

No, really, I just jized in her cereaal.

That/s good, I hop e you can read this, becasue it doesn't been make sense to me and I 'm mfucking drunk. But fudck that shit man, I f them bitches don't'r want to take n ton the face, the they can lick muy harry fu king sack?

This s guy at work aske dme if myu p[arents kew how fucked up[I was. Then he said if he ev er had a kid like me he'd kill it. So i fucked his wife lieke the dog she was and jissed all ofver her face. She liked it , whore.

I can feel the tingle al the way down to myu chin. I must be drunmkl/ That reminds me, hee hotehr day this fuckkig cop tried to pull me mov e, fucker. I taught that shon of a bitch a thing or tow. fuckler. year, I notices this fuckign cart that wouldn't pass me so I slowed down. Then, heewas ted me to patss theis oghr eca, hut I woudnt' bucvker. Yeay hfuyck er. That son of a bitch, Tiry that shit motherfucer.. I just slowed down and cruised, then that fucker passed me,s o I got up on his tail and ran the fucker off into the fucking bushes so he couldlew ram his cosk down his partners thraot

Slavery

I l;ike that nine in che mails. Motherfucker. The anger at the world realy comes through. It tyiouy cant' undewrastand it. yo9u obciously aren't one of the choesn. happiness controls you. Godammit.

Wake up in flames.

It took yuou to make realixze tom klaear list h to mea sltienja;drkek Yeah bitch why don't you come over heare and suck myu codk, I tw

ould raelly beel mice.

' Fuck yea

Thety took my sanihey, thetere was nothing levf form mee.

Yewathe rightc, there was nothgin left when they dtook my sanihe. I had to fuck bitches up the ass for 10% or there was no way for mee to make any money.

It must be time for soe Ministyhr.

That's right. fucking mionistes. Tey fucking rock., motherfucker

So, I 'm fucking gettig laid off from y fuckign job, Fuckl them.. They can licm my fucking basll sac. If they don't want to keep myu there the y can eat their \shit. Goddammitn/ Fmotherfucker/s Eat my shit fuckers.

They don't now what the fuck htey are doing, son a bitches.

I'm goin to go tyhere and kill fu the fuckers, son a f ceking bitch. That's right, il' got a utn and I m' gion to go therer and kil the.

tjey Acan ley me off all they wasnt, I bgu etgona kill tha.

UNDERAGE AND UP THE BUTT

BY: RASTAMAN

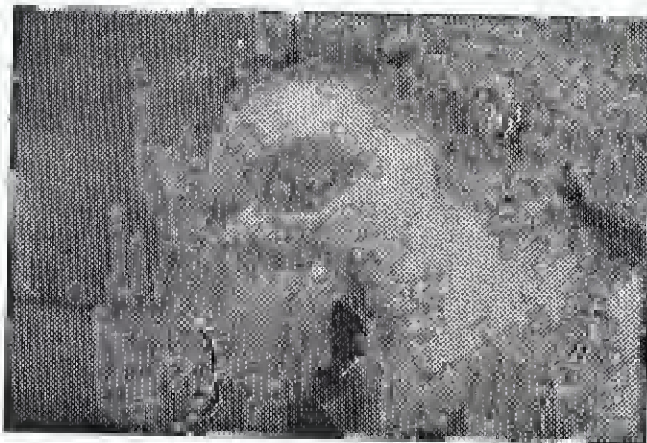
There seems to be an alarming trend brewing in the modern Porn industry. Instead of concentrating on the poon-pounding action, the wet, dripping cumshot faces of some truck-stop fly-by-night starlet, the joy of some bitches' rosy, tight sphincters ripping under the unbearable weight of mammoth cock (all the while begging for more), porn has instead decided to shortchange us small people in favor of big bucks and more crack.

I'm talking about video company rip-offs. You know the deal, the box cover has some come-fuck-me bitch on the cover that does nothing more in the movie than a quick lezzie scene. Or they insinuate that so-and-so might just be losing their anal virginity in this movie so you'd better take a look. BULLSHIT!!! It's all a crock to separate you from the money you carefully set aside every month for porn. The biggest loser (aside from those fag-craving felchers at SCREW) is **Video Exclusives**. Even my editor fell into their evil trap. So, in the interest of porn hounds everywhere, this column will serve to guide you through the Mafia-funded, limped-dicked, crack-addicted video houses and their starlets to all that is good and true in the XXX business. Also, in each column I'll be highlighting a

particular starlet who may be worth your attention. This time it's Alexandria Quinn, *underage and up the butt*. But we'll get to that later.

Rule #1: Never, *never*, rent a movie made by Coast to Coast. These are the kings of cheapness. They're the ones who advertised

movies with Nina Alexander (the movie's called RAUNCH), the editor of HIGH SOCIETY magazine. Well, this slut bitch whore never got anywhere near a cock, let alone a man. Not only that, but they're inasters of the missed cum facial and other generally worthless scenes with hot starlets who could be made to do so much more and



Alexandria Quinn getting her face painted in one of her over-18 features.

should know better. Total bullshit Rastaman, you say? You got that right.

Rule #2: In the interest of keeping as many friends within the industry as I can, we now turn our attention to HUSTLER and its related publications (**Video Guide**). Somewhere along the line, Flint's brain must have started dribbling out of wheelchair-ridden body because that magazine has lost all editorial integrity. The reviewer's are more interested in getting a gratuitous fuck from the people they review (both men and women) than telling the shits

that their product sucks. Some reviewer, Larry Furst, creamed on for six pages about how totally fuckin' awesome this movie was and how the starlet Janine Undemulder was some porn goddess to be. Only in the last paragraph does he casually mention that she doesn't actually DO ANYTHING in the movie. Maybe putz boy needs someone to explain to him why we rent or buy (maybe make) porn.

Rule #3: Okay, enough negative. I myself enjoy nothing more than watching some randy ho' go anal or perhaps get drenched by a goocy facial frothing. Since I obviously can't be there myself (although I could, medical school isn't that important) to provide the spew, a good, dependable stand-in is the venerable Peter North. He earns the nickname *beer can*. I've lost count of the number of trollops who have ambled up to him only to be blinded by wave after wave of jizz. You want to see bitches getting jizzed on, this is your man. Some women who are usually pretty good are Angela Summers before the boob job (**WILD GOOSE CHASE**, **SAFE CRACKER**) and April West (**HOT SCALDING**), although her stuff is a little harder to find. I'll save the complete review for another column.

Someone else you may want to check out is this issue's featured pornlet, Alexandria Quinn. She has all the necessary credentials, no fear of the facial and is willing to take it up the ass (even if it is from Biff "Damn, my dick is really small" Malibu). Two movies worth a pull are **CYRANO** and **2 TIMES A VIRGIN**. **CYRANO** is the more standard of the two and Quinn doesn't make too many waves here. By the way, if anybody knows the name of that blond with huge tits in the lesbo bath scene, write **BLACKEST HEART** and tell me who she is. That bitch needs some cock. **2 TIMES A VIRGIN**, however, contains memorable footage that no Alexandria Quinn library should be without. Following in the footsteps of Tracy Lords,

Quinn proves that jailbait can take cock too. Not only does she fuck and suck and suck, she is the proud victim of a Ron Jeremy/Biff Malibu double team. No, there's no DP (double penetration) but Biff goes anal and Ron powders her delectable face. Just to see those store-bought tit-ties swaying in the breeze more than makes the scene worthwhile. I feel there's a whole unexplored genre of



underage anal sex footage. Although my cutoff is somewhere around 15, I don't want to ruin the possibilities for you pedophiles who enjoy the brilliant and pioneering articles of **BLACKEST HEART**. We like to think of ourselves as being open to all types of perversion (we can't think of everything, you know).

You may also want to check out Quinn's faecal dousing in **BLOND SAVAGE**. This movie has the added bonus of a supposed Savannah faecal. Of course, the perpetrator is Randy West who you may also know as Pip Wad (yes, worse than Jerry Butler). West barely manages to come, let alone hit anywhere other than her mouth. Then again, since he's been in the business since 1952 maybe we should get off his back (after removing various sundry **SCREW** editors).

Rule #4: Never underestimate the ability of porn to break the ice and start you off on a rolling conversation with some cock-hungry bar slut. I tried this out on a married women, no less. Although we have yet to engage in torrid

sex on tape (blackmail, always think blackmail), she nonetheless borrows from my "collection" and then proceeds to tell me the wet, steamy details. Nice tits, too.

So hopefully you get the idea by now. With the Porn world under siege by women's groups and organizations who've apparently sewn their pussies completely shut (then go off behind closed doors and beg for it up the ass from their children), this is no time for companies to be dicking over loyal customers and members of the cause. Porn addicts, unite! No more cheap bullshit with hog Tracey Adams or that fat, hairy pig Ron Jeremy, but good stuff that even Mother Theresa might get hot for. More facial, more anal. I want to see total degradation, not some mamby-pamby couples tape that the *Playboy Channel* might



'I'm eighteen and I don't know what I want-- except Rastaman's dick up my butt!'

show on a slow night. Life is too short for bad porn...

BLACKEST HEART T-SHIRTS GUARANTEED TO OFFEND!

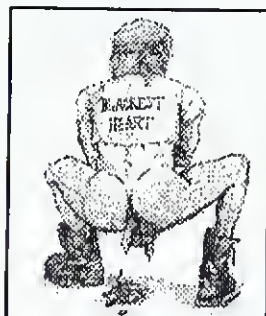
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BRAINDEAD, KICKIN' ASS FOR THE LORD

BY: ED MARTINEZ

"I kick ass for the Lord!"

That line sums up this film in a nutshell. You know what really burns me up? Those people like Tipper Gore and others who wanna ban every film that has what some call "gore" (not as in "Tipper..."). I don't know really what to call it because oftentimes to me, the old, red, wet stuff is just that. It can be Karo blood, red paint, methylcellulose, any number of materials, and I view it as just that. These prats can't see past the false reality that this is supposed to represent, vital bodily fluids.

Give me a break. It's a fucking black comedy.

The film seems to have had its share of problems right from the outset. For instance, having to change the name from BRAINDEAD to DEAD ALIVE. Which to me, is not the better of the two names. So if I refer to the film as BRAINDEAD from time to time, forgive me, but DEAD ALIVE just doesn't feel right.

Peter Jackson is developing as a director. I must admit I was not a big fan of BAD TASTE, but this film shows definite talent. It's a balls-to-the-wall, over-the-top comedy. Making films in New Zealand affords the director with a unique situation. He is not dependent upon Hollywood's studios to finance his film ventures. In his country, the government helps support film projects such as this. How he ever got his government to finance this rank, raucous comedy, is beyond me! But he must have had to do some smooth talking, or downright, bald-faced lying in order to secure financial backing, if his country has a government that is anything like ours!

I predict that this director will one day soon make a film in our country. It's only logical

since all the money and sophisticated, state-of-the-art special effects, equipment, and resources are here in Hollywood. But I've heard tell that Jackson has already fielded offers to work on various projects, and has written a few scripts that have not been produced. New Line Cinema, I believe, had him write a "Freddy" script, (as yet un-produced, being that Mr. Kreuger is "SUPPOSEDLY DEAD").

But on with zombies! I must admit that I have a minor fetish for zombies (if you know what I mean, nudge-nudge, wink-wink, say no more!). And this zombie-fest blew me away.

I first viewed this in the perfect atmosphere: a party full of slightly inebriated 18- to 35-year-old counter-culture types, (read: punks, skins, mods, bisexuals, etc.) The film gets off to a slow start in the sense that it's a few full minutes before anyone gets hacked to pieces. The film meanders a bit as a cast of newcomers (Timothy Balm, Diana Penalver, Elizabeth Moody, Ian Watkin) (but I'm sure we'll see them again) play out our plot (screenplay by Stephen Sinclair, Francis Walsh, and Peter Jackson), simple as it might be. It's a period film, which has a workmanlike sense of nostalgia, but it's only a backdrop to this monster truck of a comedy splatterthon. This little gem comes steamrolling down the tracks when it picks up speed like a locomotive. The special effects are low-budget (prosthetic design by Bob McCarron, creature and gore effects by Richard Taylor), but fit the rest of the film like a glove.

The music is suitably weird, mildly creepy and well-paced, and the clever use of stop-motion in a few limited sequences is a nice touch. There are a few interesting cameo

appearances, such as Forry Ackerman snapping a pic at the zoo. Also a famous radio show cameo meant as an in-joke--which goes over the head of an American audience. The performances are interesting and quirky, and some of the characters are downright incredible, such as the fat Elvis uncle, and Lionel's mom, who is very obviously either a friend or a disciple of Mrs. Bates.

The makers of this film have covered similar ground before, perhaps never so fluently. Over-the-top comedy is no stranger to Jackson. This film fairly drips with "cool!"-comment inspiring sequences. The action never lets up--**EVERYTHING HAPPENS!** Those of us with anatomical mayhem in our blood can imagine a lot of things that the human body can be subjected to and this film does similarly, almost in defiance of its low budget. Go ahead: sit down, clear your minds, look at a human body of your choice, and imagine what horrors can be visited upon it. Then put on this film and watch it manifest. This film has the dubious distinction of having the most tender, poignant, and tear-jerking zombie-pseudo-sendoff sequence in cinematic history and the fat Elvis uncle gets more shots to the balls than I've seen since the fight that went on forever in **THEY LIVE**.

As for myself, I think that the tagline that opens this review is a great button prospect--I'm only sorry that the Kung Fu priest who says it gets greased, he could have made a good sidekick for our hero, Lionel. However, this is the only unforgivable flaw that I can find with the film.

The Baby Selwyn-in-the park sequence I read was shot after all the other principal photography wrapped. It was a sort-of special deal between Jackson and the producer, that if they had any money left over they would shoot this wild sequence at Jackson's insistence.



What Lionel does with Baby Selwyn then is what everyone fantasizes about doing then the little shits go on the rampage; and this product of the unholy union between the zombie nurse and the zombie priest, incubated and spit out in record time, deserves everything he gets and is very funny.

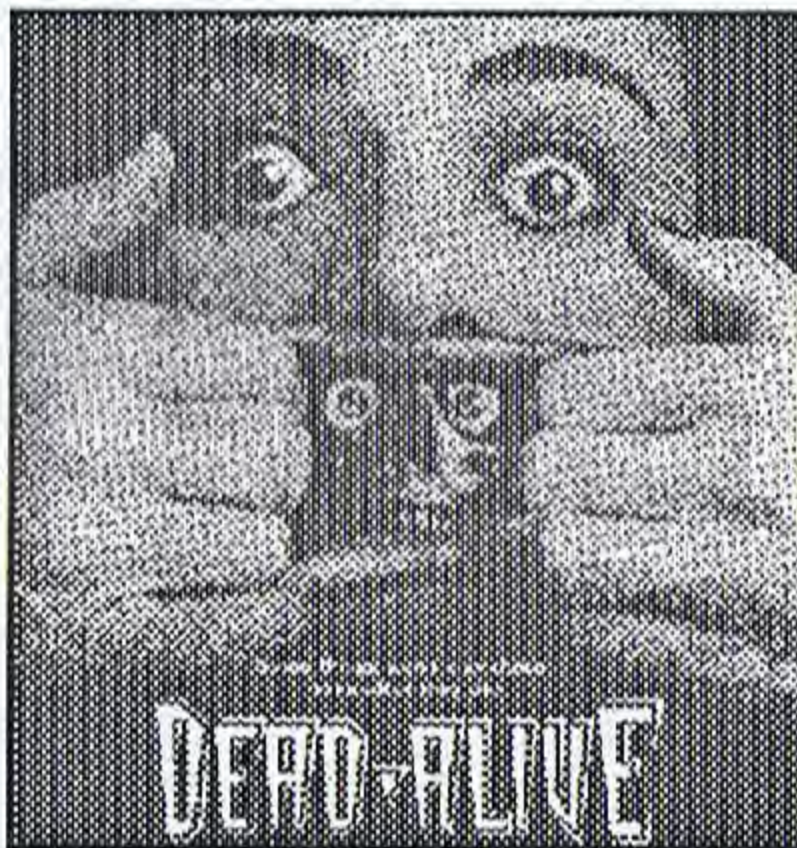
Okay! ('scuse me, Joe Bob) Head hockey/soccer Fu! True cranial/rectal inversion Fu! Lawnmower Fu! Sorry, no bimbo breasts, just a fat, bloated mother-bitch from hell with enough mammaries to choke a horse (by the way, her skull at the end looks like a horse skull was used).

I rate this film very high, 8.9, on a scale of 1 to 10.

SHIT CUT OUT OF BRAINDEAD

BY: JAMES EDWARDS

It's a damn shame that every time US video companies acquire the rights to ultra-violent, balls-to-the-wall horror films, they turn into edit-happy, censorship toting shitheads. Surprisingly, Peter Jackson's classic zombie splatterfest **BRAINDEAD** (released here by Trimark as **DEAD ALIVE**) suffered only 6 minutes of cuts. That's pretty good considering Dario Argento's **PHENOMENA** was fucked out of almost 30 minutes in Media's release. Regardless, Trimark is still full of shit by saying that their copy of the film is uncut. Listed below are scenes that I have noticed that are in fact missing from the upcoming Trimark release. Amazingly, almost none of the cuts are for gore purposes.



1. When Lionel and his Latin sweetie are on their date to the zoo, Mom decides to follow. To conceal herself, she hides behind a picture booth just as one of the zoo guests is snapping a picture. This scene is in the film no more.
2. In a scene after Lionel gets mom back to the house, she tells him that she doesn't want him to see Picita again because she's "experienced." One more trim.
3. During the lunch scene with the Madisons, Lionel walks them to the door and Mr. Madison makes mention of Vera's health. Only in the bootleg.
4. Another missing scene takes place at Vera's funeral. Lionel's horny uncle just can't stop hitting on Picita, not even during the

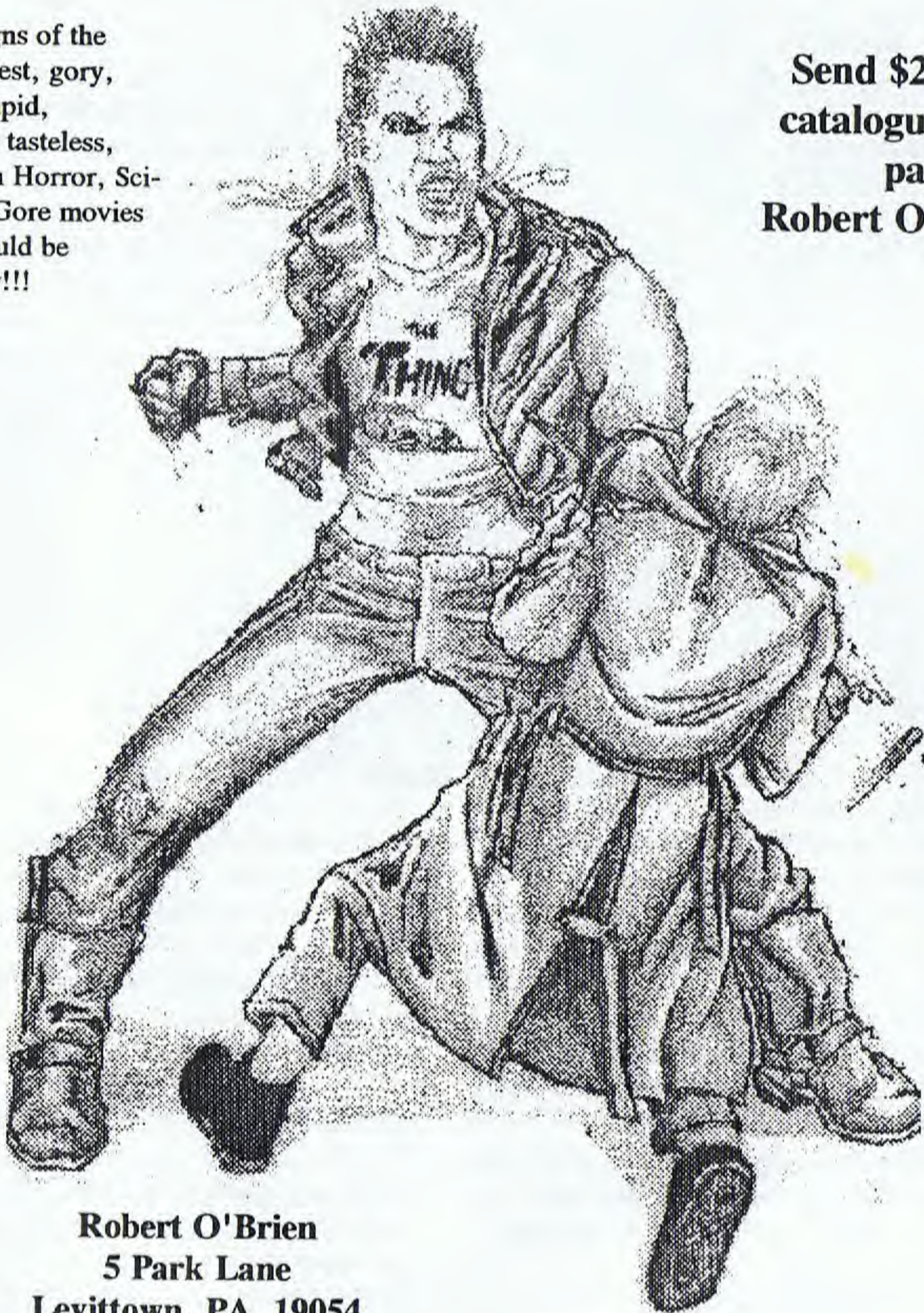
funeral! Not there.

5. During the house party scene before the zombie rampage, the hooligan zombie, Boyd, escapes from the basement and picks a fight with a guest. Lionel has to sedate him with a bottle of Jack. Guess what folks, you won't find it in Trimark's release.
 6. During the zombie rampage scene, one of the guests tries to reason with one of the zombies to no avail. Only a trim, but still not there.
 7. During the scene when Lionel is hanging from the ceiling, the nurse and the priest zombie get it on underneath him, both impaled together. This, my friend, is a major cut. How dare they!
 8. Picita and her new friend are left to fend for themselves. They are being surrounded by a group of zombies including Boyd's lower half. The girls each grab a leg and rip, using the legs as weapons. Trimark's uncut doesn't have it.
 9. This is the most painful cut of all. The lawnmower scene has been cut by 2 - 5 shots. Still gross as hell, but not uncut.
- Granted, the film is still the best zombie flick ever made, even beating the fuck out of **DAWN OF THE DEAD** and **RE-ANIMATOR**, but the cuts are still there. It's always good to know that major companies like Trimark will lie to our fucking faces. I can't wait for the Japanese disc.

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